

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869.

BELLEVILLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913.

Vol 44 No. 44

BIG PLAN FOR ROADS TURNED DOWN IN STATE

\$50,000,000 Bond Issue Knocked Out in All Sections.

TAMMANY IS ROUTED

New York City Names Mitchell, Fusion Candidate, for Mayor—Penrose Forces Win in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh—Sulzer Wins Out.

Incomplete returns from over the State indicate the decisive defeat of the proposed \$50,000,000 loan for good roads. The loan made a good showing in the cities, towns and many boroughs, but was weak in the interior and farming sections.

The two spectacular fights in the State were those in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, in both of which the forces arrayed with Senator Penrose were successful. District Attorney Rotan was re-elected in Philadelphia with the support of Penrose, McNichol and the Vares. He defeated G. W. Carr, who had the backing of the reform administration of Mayor Blankenburg.

In Pittsburgh Joseph G. Armstrong was elected Mayor over Congressman S. J. Porter. Armstrong was backed by United States Senators Oliver and Penrose. Porter was supported by Flinn and the administration of Mayor Magee. Armstrong won by something like 3000.

In New York Tammany was overwhelmingly defeated. Mitchell, fusion candidate, was elected over McCall, Tammany for Mayor, by upward of 75,000 majority. William Sulzer, recently impeached as Governor, won a remarkable election to the Legislature in the East Side of New York City. He had about 2000 plurality on the Progressive ticket.

In New Jersey Fielder, D. won for Governor over Stokes, R. and Colby, Progressive. Massachusetts elected Walsh, D. Governor over Bird, Progressive, and Gardner, Republican, by upward of 60,000. Maryland elected Blair Lee, Democrat, for United States Senator, by 10,000. It was that State's first experience in electing a United States Senator by popular vote. Lee had the support of President Wilson.

In Pennsylvania returns are incomplete on candidates for Superior Court Judges, two to be elected. Indication are that J. W. Kephart and Judge Henderson are high men over James Alcorn and Webster Grim.

There were numerous local fights for judgeships over the State. One was in Clearfield County, where Singleton Bell defeated Judge Allison O. Smith by about 1000.

TRIAL LIST

Cases Scheduled for Consideration at December Term of Court.

The following cases have been scheduled for trial at the next term of court:

FIRST WEEK, DEC. 1ST.

Clement Dale, executor Austin Swisher estate, vs. Pearl C. Gray, agent. Appeal.

Burdine Butler vs. B. P. Swartz. Appeal.

Burdine Butler vs. John A. Nestlerode. Appeal.

George W. Zeigler vs. W. H. Hindle. Appeal.

SECOND WEEK, DEC. 8TH.

George Fravel vs. Greek Catholic church of Clarence. Assumpsit judgment.

William S. Hammond vs. William G. Runkle. Assumpsit.

Kelley Bros. Coal Co. vs. Irish Bros. Assumpsit.

Stam & Lincoln vs. T. V. Yothers. Assumpsit.

Samuel Markowitz vs. Pennsylvania Railroad Co. Ejectment.

Salant & Salant vs. Spaide & Stauffer. Assumpsit.

Thomas E. and Bessie Comly vs. Thomas Kelley. Trespass.

Same vs. H. P. Kelley. Trespass.

Reuben T. and Amanda Kelley vs. Harry P. Kelley. Trespass.

Same vs. Thomas Kelley. Trespass.

William E. Shaffer vs. Joseph D. Diehl. Assumpsit.

George L. King vs. Enoch Hagg. Assumpsit.

George L. King vs. Frederick Eisenhauer. Assumpsit.

W. S. Badinger vs. Elmer Watson. Replevin.

Fumigating School Houses.

For the protection of the health of the children the public schools in Belleville have been undergoing a thorough process of fumigation.

COUNTY REJECTS LOAN SEBRING NEXT CORONER

Majority Against First Amendment May Reach 850

KEPHART HIGH MAN

Carries County by Over 400 for Superior Court Judge—Jury Commissioners Hasel and Decker Re-Elected—Light Vote Polled.

Centre County turned down the road loan by a majority of 714, with five precincts outstanding. These districts in all likelihood will increase the majority against the loan to about 850, if not more.

For Jury Commissioners J. Adam Hasel, Democratic, and John D. Decker, Republican, were re-elected. Dr. John Sebring, Democratic, is reasonably certain of election as Coroner. With five districts to hear from, he leads Dr. S. M. Huff, Republican, by 177 votes.

John W. Kephart, of Cambria County, carried Centre County for Superior Court Judge, leading Webster Grim, the next highest man, by 417, with five districts not included in the totals. These districts will likely increase Grim's total, but not enough to overcome Kephart's lead.

Analysis of the vote in the county is particularly interesting. There were three candidates in the field for Coroner, Dr. M. J. Locke being on the ticket as the Washington party nominee but making no canvass for support at the polls. He received 773 votes, to 2213 for Dr. Sebring, and 2036 for Dr. Huff. The combined vote for Dr. Huff and Dr. Locke was 2809, or 596 more than that cast in the Democratic column for Mr. Hasel. A similar illustration is afforded by the vote for Jury Commissioners, George T. Bush, on the Washington ticket, polled 504 votes. Mr. Hasel received 2294 and Mr. Decker had 2023. Frank Rittenhouse, Socialist, had 256. The combined vote for Decker and Bush was 2577, or 233 more than that polled by Mr. Hasel. Should Dr. Sebring be elected, as seems reasonably assured, it will be largely due to the division in the Republican vote as between Dr. Locke and Dr. Huff, making allowance, of course, for complimentary votes received by all three candidates.

The vote on the road loan shows that more than 1000 voters failed to mark their ballots for or against that proposition. The total vote for and against was 4006, whereas the total vote for Coroner was 5022, and that for Jury Commissioners 5077. The total vote on the road loan was approximately the same being 4078.

Kephart's victory in the county for Superior Court Judge was a surprise to many persons who thought that Grim would be high man. Kephart's phenomenal vote was due to the fact that he advertised in the newspapers and by means of cards and circulars. The non-partisan judgeship feature has created a new condition in politics. Judgeship candidates are, as a rule, likely to be men unknown to a large percentage of the voters in the State. As a result their campaigns are likely to be neglected or overlooked, unless they advertise, have others campaign for them or campaign for themselves. To the average voter the situation is novel, but to the candidate it is a serious one.

Gets Carnegie Reward.

In recognition of his bravery in going to the rescue of a companion who was in danger of losing his life, Frank A. Kunes, of Beech Creek, has been awarded \$1,000 in cash and a bronze medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. Formal announcement of the award was made several days ago.

Some months ago Lemuel Clark, also of Beech Creek, was engaged in cleaning out a well. He was overcome by gas and was in danger of death from suffocation. Mr. Kunes, regardless of danger to himself, went to Clark's assistance and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. To the bravery of Kunes was due the credit of saving Clark's life.

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission on learning of the case instituted an investigation. As is always done, the first steps in the inquiry were made unknown to the principals. The purpose of this was to ascertain whether the case was one involving actual heroism. The investigation fully sustained the version as first given the agents of the commission and they recommended that Kunes be liberally rewarded. The recommendation was taken up for consideration last week by the full commission, at a meeting held in Pittsburgh, and was accorded favorable consideration. The formal announcement followed.

Un-Official Vote Cast in Centre County Tuesday Nov. 4.

DISTRICTS	Sup. Court.		Jury Com.		Coroner		\$50,000,000 Road Loan	
	Alcorn	Grim	Henderson	Kephart	Hasel	Decker	Huff	Against
Bellefonte—N. ward...	36	88	67	100	127	50	146	91
Bellefonte—S. ward...	28	94	24	95	151	27	130	82
Bellefonte—W. ward...	13	47	10	20	56	13	38	51
Centre Hill Boro...	12	49	7	11	69	6	24	51
Howard Boro...	19	31	19	43	40	11	79	41
Milesburg Boro...	1	9	1	52	6	12	20	25
Millheim Boro...	2	42	1	18	21	6	43	17
Phillipsburg—1st ward...	19	24	9	69	30	23	48	45
Phillipsburg—2nd ward...	12	42	18	124	66	21	87	27
Phillipsburg—3rd ward...	12	28	11	98	50	11	72	32
South Phillipsburg...	4	3	2	31	12	4	18	4
State College Boro...	30	69	31	84	104	65	104	94
Snow Shoe Boro...	8	17	2	50	36	24	29	33
Unionville Boro...	6	10	2	31	19	19	14	11
Benner Twp.—North...	5	5	3	16	33	5	12	33
Benner Twp.—South...	5	6	5	13	14	2	18	25
Boggs Twp.—North...	3	14	5	12	23	6	21	18
Boggs Twp.—East...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
Boggs Twp.—West...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
Burnside Twp...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
College Twp...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
Curtin—North...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
Curtin—East...	6	7	8	16	3	6	15	22
Ferguson—East...	19	60	14	40	109	7	50	98
Ferguson—West...	5	17	4	17	24	2	37	2
Gregg—North...	2	13	2	15	28	5	1	33
Gregg—East...	6	25	7	20	71	5	18	83
Gregg—West...	9	65	3	36	82	3	46	91
Haines—West...	7	40	11	15	55	3	32	63
Haines—East...	11	29	5	22	57	4	27	57
Half Moon...	4	11	5	36	16	5	42	17
Harris—East...	2	10	3	6	28	1	16	28
Harris—West...	8	29	3	21	52	13	21	55
Howard Twp...	14	15	6	19	33	4	39	35
Huston Twp...	6	28	8	19	32	17	39	29
Liberty—East...	7	14	10	40	30	11	51	4
Liberty—West...	2	1	1	6	5	2	6	1
Marion...	11	18	11	30	50	6	28	47
Miles—East...	3	12	1	4	25	2	1	22
Miles—Middle...	5	48	2	18	81	2	23	76
Miles—West...	2	29	6	6	25	2	6	32
Patton...	5	11	6	40	37	3	52	36
Penn...	23	49	6	13	93	3	20	94
Potter—North...	4	25	1	10	46	5	22	52
Potter—South...	4	36	3	18	37	4	35	45
Potter—West...	3	22	2	5	12	1	10	48
Rush—North...	10	23	6	52	42	9	30	58
Rush—East...	3	5	1	32	13	1	25	17
Rush—South...	19	8	2	53	20	9	35	22
Rush—West...	13	21	2	31	28	6	22	19
Snow Shoe—East...	3	11	5	73	19	2	70	33
Snow Shoe—West...	6	4	3	9	26	1	11	23
Spring—North...	7	25	3	20	34	5	30	24
Spring—South...	16	36	17	56	78	5	68	58
Spring—West...	7	25	3	20	34	5	30	24
Taylor...	2	5	16	20	10	6	25	60
Walker—East...	7	5	13	18	15	8	21	21
Walker—Middle...	3	11	4	11	21	4	16	31
Walker—West...	7	14	3	15	22	6	13	31
Worth Twp...	10	26	9	25	39	9	59	37
Totals	1213	417	180	2365	500	2041	257	2291

RESULTS IN BOROUGH

Johnston Re-elected Tax Collector Over Brown.

Tuesday's election in Belleville borough was attended with no particular surprises other than the decisive majority scored by J. Kennedy Johnston, Democratic, for re-election as Tax Collector over William H. Brown, Republican. Johnston carried all three wards, having 183 to the good in the borough. He got the South Ward 200 to 128, the North by 199 to 139, and the West by 82 to 31.

Borough Treasurer E. J. Gehret was easily re-elected, defeating S. Kline Woodring, D, having 104 majority in the three wards. Gehret won the South Ward, 227 to 96; lost the North, 124 to 172, and carried the West, 64 to 43.

For Council Hardman P. Harris and W. A. Lyon were elected in the North Ward; James D. Seibert and Frank E. Naginney, in the South, and G. E. Haupt and W. R. Shope, in the West. The only contest was that in the North Ward, where John J. Bower, D, was low man. The vote in the ward stood: Harris W & R, 224; Lyon, D, W & R, 190; Bower, D, 157.

Mrs. R. S. Brouse and Mrs. Charles Gilmour were re-elected School Directors, having no opposition in any one of the three wards.

For Borough Auditors, Edward L. Gates, R, James K. Barnhart, D, were elected. They defeated W. Miles Walker, D, and C. L. Gates, R. The vote in the borough was: Barnhart, 407; E. L. Gates, 403; Walker, 306; C. L. Gates, 295.

For Burgess, Edmund Blanchard was elected, having no opposition on any ticket in the three wards.

The vote in the borough by wards follows:

SOUTH WARD.

Judge of Election—H. J. Walkey, 296. No opposition.

Inspectors—John McSuley, D, 152; J. Linn Blackford, R, 152.

Council—F. E. Naginney, 267; James D. Seibert, 244. No opposition.

Assessor—Chester Barnes, D, 202; W. H. Johnson, W & R, 126.

Burgess—Edmund Blanchard, 300. No opposition.

Treasurer—Woodring, D, 96; Gehret, W & R, 227.

Tax Collector—Johnston, D, 200; Brown, R, 128.

Auditors—Walker, D, 131; Barnhart, D, 195; E. L. Gates, 156; C. L. Gates, R, 115.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS—Mrs. Brouse, 257;

Mrs. Gilmour, 244. No opposition.

Road Loan—For, 114; against, 82.

WEST WARD.

Judge of Election—A. Lukenbach, D & R, 87; George Waite, Jr., W, 21.

Inspectors—Oscar Gray, D & R, 92; E. S. Williams, W, 12.

Council—G. E. Haupt, R, D & W, 80; W. R. Shope, R, D & W, 94.

Assessor—L. H. McQuistion, D, R & W, 104.

Burgess—Edmund Blanchard, R, D & W, 103.

Treasurer—Woodring, D, 43; Gehret, W & R, 64.

Tax Collector—Johnston, D, 82; Brown, R, 31.

Auditors—Walker, D, 59; Barnhart, D, 72; E. L. Gates, W & R, 44; C. L. Gates, W & R, 55.

School Directors—Mrs. Brouse, R, D & W, 97; Mrs. Gilmour, R, D & W, 89.

Road Loan—For, 33; against, 51.

NORTH WARD.

Judge of Election—John N. Lane, D, 130; E. E. Davis, W, 27; Samuel B. Miller, R, 173.

Inspectors—S. C. Herr, D, 120; Wilbur Baney, W, 40; Thomas Morgan, R, 160.

Council—John J. Bower, D, 157; W. A. Lyon, D, W & R, 190; H. P. Harris, W & R, 224.

Assessor—L. Wallace, D, 134; Herbert Auman, W & R, 152.

Burgess—Edmund Blanchard, D, W & R, 318.

Treasurer—Woodring, W & D, 177; Gehret, W & R, 179.

Tax Collector—Johnston, D, 199; Brown, R, 139.

Auditors—Walker, D, 116; Barnhart, D, 140; E. L. Gates, W & R, 203; C. L. Gates, W & R, 128.

School Directors—Mrs. Brouse, D, R & W, 279; Mrs. Gilmour, D, R & W, 276.

Road Loan—For, 174; against, 91.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

On Sunday, November 9th, there will be preaching and the Holy Communion will be administered at services to be held as follows: Pleasant Gap M. E. church, at 10.30 A. M.; Coleville M. E. church, at 1.30 P. M.; Weaver M. E. church, at 3.30 P. M.; Axe Mann M. E. church, at 7.30 P. M. Also at Lemont M. E. church, November 16th, at 10.30 A. M. All are most cordially invited to attend these services.

D. J. FRUM, Minister.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year.

NEW TRIAL GRANTED

Judge Orvis Files Decree in Case of College Township vs. Fishburn.

Judge Orvis in an opinion and decree handed down on Monday, in the case of College township vs. Thomas M. Fishburn, holds that the case involves a fact for a jury to dispose of and accordingly grants a new trial.

The case in question grows out of a suit against College township brought by Morris Bohn for damages for the loss of a colt. He contended that a colt had been injured by a defective wire fence separating the public road from the Fishburn farm. He won his case and College township thereupon brought suit against Mr. Fishburn to recover the amount of damages awarded to Mr. Bohn. After testimony had been submitted Judge Orvis directed the jury to bring a verdict for the value of the colt and also costs, amounting all told to about \$236. This was done, Judge Orvis at the same time reserving a point of law for further consideration. In his decree he refused to direct judgement to be entered notwithstanding the verdict and held that the case is one for a jury.

Motive Was Revenge.

Cloyd Hampton, aged 25 years, of Petersburg, has confessed to the police that he attempted to wreck a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train near Petersburg on the night of Sunday, October 26th. He stated that he had been rejected for a position on the railroad and had tried to get revenge. Hampton removed the fish plates joining two sections of rail on the main line. Fortunately the matter was discovered by a track walker just a few minutes before the arrival of a fast train.

Advertises Lost Son.

Emerson Potter, of Lewistown, coroner of Mifflin County, is advertising for his son, Mabion, 16 years old, who has been missing since October 6th. The boy left home rather than attend school. He is described as being 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has fair blue eyes, dark hair, right arm weak as result of an operation. When he disappeared the boy wore a green barred cap, dark blue suit, gray sweater and patent leather buttoned shoes.

Resigned Superintendency.

Howard A. Moore last week resigned as superintendent of the Tyrone Brick & Co., at Grazierville. He assumed that position last April. The new superintendent is J. M. Crossman, of Eldor ado.

ROASTS SLIT SKIRTS; ALSO ROASTS THE MEN

Evangelist Bob Jones Fires Hot Shot into Two Audiences.

DIDN'T MINCE WORDS

Declared Women Guilty of Worse than Folly in Wearing Extreme Styles of Dress—Much Unhappiness Due to Indiscretions of Men.

Evangelist Bob Jones last Saturday, addressing a meeting for women, only, vigorously denounced the split skirt, the tango and bunny-bug and other modern dances and card playing which leads to gambling. He spoke in plain terms. The split skirt, he declared, is worn by women for the sole purpose of displaying their forms and attracting the attention of men. The tango and other modern dances he classed as minor evils likely to lead to greater ones. Innocent card games in the home he stated often started men and women on the road to the gambling den and the grave of the suicide.

When it had become known about town on Saturday night of the hom truths fired at the women by the southern evangelist his remarks were discussed with no little interest by the men. But what Bob Jones had to say to the women on Saturday wasn't a marker to the hot shot he poured into the men at a meeting for men, only, held on Sunday afternoon. Calling a spade a spade, he charged men with being responsible for much of the unhappiness in the world because of various forms of dissipation in their earlier years. So pointed were his remarks that he made his audience fairly gasp. He gave the men so much to think about that they forgot to gossip about the evangelist's

CONCITA

She Was Very Ingenious,
Besides Being Fascinating

By ELBERT FARNSWORTH

A good many years ago when I was a young man I went out west to seek my fortune and brought up in Colorado Springs. The place had then just emerged from a show place for scenery, being called the Garden of the Gods, into a small town, and John Quackenbos had established a banking house, which has long since passed out of existence. One evening Mr. Quackenbos said to me quite hurriedly:

"Billy, I've got to have \$3,000 in Denver before 3 o'clock tomorrow to meet a note coming due. You must take it over. Get up early in the morning and go on horseback. Here's the money—\$3,100. The note is \$3,055. The difference you can use for expenses."

The next morning at 3 o'clock I mounted Tom, the best horse in the stable, and, putting a revolver in my boot leg—I always carried it there when mounted—started to ride some seventy miles in twelve hours. Of course I didn't expect Tom to do it all. I counted on getting a relay at the house of a Mexican who lived midway between Colorado Springs and Denver. There were two reasons why I didn't go by stagecoach. In the first place, the coach didn't start at an hour to get one to Denver before the close of banking hours; in the second, it was much more liable to be held up by road agents than a single wayfarer, for a coach load of travelers would afford better plunder than one man, who, if he had anything of value on his person, would prefer journeying in company than alone.

Tom took me thirty-five miles in five hours, at the end of which time I reached the place of Antonio Sanchez, better known by the name of "Toney's." I rode up to the door of the house, and Toney himself came out to receive me. I asked if he could let me have a horse to take me to Denver, and he said he could. I told him to put my saddle on the animal at once because I must get to Denver by 3 o'clock. He said I didn't need seven hours to do the distance and I had better stop for a meal. I concluded to spend an hour with him, and he told his wife to get up a good breakfast.

There were in the house Toney, his wife and their daughter, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, and a man who had stopped with them overnight. Who he was or where he was going I did not know. Indeed, I did not remark him especially. Concita, the girl, looked very pretty in the Mexican costume, which her father and mother wore as well as herself. The young woman's eyes were very dark and her lashes, as is usual with Spanish women, very long. She had a way of sweeping them up and down when looking at me that was quite fascinating.

I spent the hour at Toney's, as I intended, and ate a good breakfast, which I needed, for I had started without even a cup of coffee. Then I mounted Toney's horse, telling Toney that the horse would rest overnight in Denver and I would be back with him at the house for a noon dinner the next day, making the rest of the distance to Colorado Springs on my own horse. In the doorway Toney's wife and daughter stood to bid me goodbye, Concita swiveling her eyes and lashes about under my admiring gaze in a way, as she doubtless knew, that was fascinating to the extreme.

I rode away, pulling at my pipe, which tasted delicious after my meal. I had plenty of time to make the journey, though the latter part of it would be the hardest on the horse, and if he should go lame I would be in serious danger of not reaching Denver in time to take up the note. Any failure in this respect would be disastrous to Mr. Quackenbos. Why, he did not explain to me. All he said was that if the note were protested he would be ruined.

I hadn't been gone more than half an hour from Toney's when, stopping to let my horse drink at a little runnel, I heard a faint sound of a loping horse from the southward. Having so much money about me, I felt an instinctive dread and turned to see who was coming. The country was all open about me, having been once ago the bottom of an ocean, and I could see in every direction. The comer was a woman, and though she was more than a mile away, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, I saw that she was Concita. It occurred to me that she was coming for some purpose, so I waited till she came up.

"Oh, señor," she said as soon as she could catch her breath, for she had been riding rapidly, "you will be robbed."

"Robbed?" I exclaimed aghast. "I have \$3,000 with me."

"Did you see the man who was at our place? Well, soon after you had gone another rode up and joined him. I was behind the barn gathering eggs from the chicken house and heard them talking while they were feeding their horses. The one who had stayed at our house overnight told the other that you had been here, that he had seen you at a bank in Colorado Springs, and very likely you were carrying money. He said he had another job on hand, and it was agreed between them that the other man should follow you and rob you. He said he would make a circuit in order to head you off. There he is now!"

I turned in the direction she was looking and saw a horseman riding rapidly to make the road between me and Denver. I would have run for it, and if I could have reached the required point ahead of him it would have been a question of which had the better horse, but I saw that he could easily head me off. I put my hand to my boot, by instinct clutching my revolver, at the same time trying to grasp the situation. Being armed with a six shooter, I was on a par with him in this respect, but I was city bred and not accustomed to the use of weapons. I was thinking what to do when Concita said:

"Wait here, señor, while I go and meet him. Perhaps I may say something to induce him to let you pass on."

I saw no objection to this, for I knew that the man would not injure a girl. Indeed, he would have no reason to injure her. Without waiting for a reply from me she rode away and met the robber where he struck the road. He knew who she was, for he had recently seen her at her father's house. He raised his sombrero to her, and I saw that they stood talking together, though I could not hear even the sound of their voices. There were pauses in their conversation, during which one or the other seemed to be deliberating. The talk must have lasted more than twenty minutes, when after a few quick words from first one and then the other Concita turned her horse's head and galloped back to me.

"I have made a bargain for you," she said, "by which you may save half the money you have about you. I proposed that you surrender half of it to him and half to me. You are to return to Colorado Springs and report that you have been robbed. He is to shoot some holes in your hat and clothes so that you may tell the banker that you made a gallant defense."

"That won't do," I replied. "I shall tell a straight story in any event."

"Not so fast, señor. You have not heard all my plan. I have told him that you and I will divide my half between us. Now, I have a little device which, if it works, all you have with you may be saved. I have told him that I prefer to do the shooting into your hat and clothing. For this purpose I shall ask him to lend me one of the two revolvers slung to his waist. If he had only one the case would be simpler, but he has two. When he hands me his revolver I will do some very bad shooting, missing the mark, and will call on him to do it himself. I shall contrive, if possible, that he shall empty all the chambers of his remaining revolver in doing so. This will give you six shots to his none."

I would have made some demonstration of my appreciation of her action had we not been under the observation of the road agent, though I had no great hope for the success of her plan. But I acquiesced gladly, and she rode back to him and reported my consent. Then the two joined me, Concita chatting and laughing with the fellow, evidently much pleased at the prospect of getting a lot of money, though she did not tell him that I had a large amount with me.

We all dismounted. Concita took my coat and hat; the robber handed her one of his revolvers, at the same time drawing and cocking the other as a measure of precaution. Concita hung my apparel on a sage bush and began to fire at the hat. She bungled, as she intended, emptied the revolver and then asked the robber for his other one. Instead of giving it to her he fired at the coat himself and put two shots into the skirt. Then Concita suggested that he put a couple more into my hat, which he did.

The matter now began to grow exciting, for I did not believe that Concita could persuade the rascal to lose any more shots. I saw that she was playing him with those eyes and lashes of hers, and she begged him to give her just one shot. I feared that he would suggest using my revolver; but, being in my boot leg, it was not visible, and he could not know that I was armed. At any rate, Concita had him in thrall, and he handed her the weapon. She fired two shots in rapid succession, and both his revolvers were empty.

In a twinkling I stooped, drew my revolver from my boot leg and, covering my man, ordered him to throw up his hands. With an oath at Concita he did so, and the victory was ours.

After a short colloquy we decided that Concita should take the funds on to Denver, while I drove my captive back to her father's house, the latter distance being much shorter than the other. So I gave her my horse, which was the better of the two, and she rode away merrily.

It was not a pleasant ride driving my man back to Toney's. True, I had him covered and could shoot him at the slightest offer of resistance, but I knew he was desperate and might turn upon me. If he did I might only wing him, and before I could get in another shot he might overpower me. However, I ran him in successfully.

I held my man at Toney's till late at night, when Concita returned with several members of a vigilance committee. She had reached Denver in ample time to pay the note and started at once with her escort on her return.

The committee attended to the road agent, and I returned to Colorado Springs. I told Mr. Quackenbos how Concita had saved his money, and he sent me back to her with \$500 in gold dust. I found it difficult to get away from her. To tell the truth, I did not get away from her except temporarily, for I married her.

WHERE EVE WENT

A Woman's Flight In an
Acroplane

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Ah, please!" pleaded Eve Dunham, with her hand on one of the propeller blades of De Mennes' beautiful flying machine.

"But mademoiselle is not quite proficient," objected the young aviator. "Tomorrow, perhaps next week, after you have made a few more trips with me, you understand better the stop, the pause, the descent. Voilà tout! You fly alone!"

"But I want to fly today, M. de Mennes," pouted Eve. "In my own little machine. It is like a feather and responds to a mere touch of the wheel. No? How stupid!"

The Frenchman bowed his regret at having cast a shadow over Miss Dunham's sunny countenance, and he watched her walk back to her own monoplane with some doubt in his keen eyes.

"She looks like—she looks like she takes a chance when nobody is around," he muttered. But it was time for another one of his spectacular flights before his assembled pupils, and he promptly forgot Eve Dunham and her discontent.

Eve's friends were not surprised at her sudden passion for aeroplaning. One by one Eve had taken up other fads and dropped them, but when her engagement to Lewis Thayer was announced it was discovered that Eve had reduced her hobbies to three, tennis, music and domestic science, and was entirely faithful to them until there came a day when she quarreled with Lewis. He did not quarrel with her. It was Eve's whole affair, and the domestic science fad was abandoned, music was agonizingly reminiscent of happier days, and no one could play tennis like Lewis.

It was not surprising that the broken engagement was marked by Eve's purchase of a monoplane and learning to operate it. Happily or otherwise, she had plenty of money at her disposal to indulge this fancy.

Now she stood in the vast inclosure and watched the fantastic flights of her teacher, De Mennes. Her adventurous spirit yearned to pierce the blue sky.

Tonight it would be moonlight and the field would be deserted. She could bribe Patrick McGee, who had charge of her machine, and away she would go!

The moon was high in the heavens when Eve motored down to the aerodrome alone in her runabout. The sheds were all closed and the ground was deserted, but she knew that Patrick McGee would be waiting behind the gate.

The gate swung inward, and she rolled over to the shed where her machine was stored. Patrick came running up behind, begging her to desist from her mad attempt, but Eve was insistent.

Soon the monoplane was outside. Patrick declared it was in perfect order, and, having assisted Eve to her seat and strapped her in, he started the propeller, the engine caught, the machine quivered, and away it went, wavering over the rolling ground; then, responding to Eve's guidance, it rose up and up until she had reached the desired height; then along her chosen air lane she flew dizzily.

Beneath her the aerodrome diminished and faded from view. Overhead the moon grew larger and more brilliant. The stars stared at her with luminous eyes, and the wind rushed by.

Presently she flew over the city with its myriad lights, and the machine, flying like a homing bird, pointed northward, for Eve had lost all sense of location.

Below she caught the silver gleam of a river. It was gone, and the dark bulk of hills took its place.

Now it was time to return home, for she had promised herself just a spin in the air, out of defiance to M. de Mennes. But which way led home?

Eve Dunham confessed to herself that she did not know. She guided the machine around in a sweeping circle, trusting to chance to reach the city. Once over the city she was positive that she could find her way back to the aerodrome, for she had made the flight over the city many times with her instructor.

But where was the city? Back and forth Eve flew, once deceived by an upward glare against the sky. It was only a barn on fire, and how dare she see the reflection of city lights?

Then when she paused uncertainly she was aware that something was wrong with the engine. It was missing—once, twice, again and yet again. Suppose it fell!

Well, she had taken her chance. "I—I'm something of a fatalist," Eve assured herself with chattering teeth, not knowing what a hand fate was taking in her affairs this moonlit night.

She attempted to volplane.

"It's that or die!" murmured plucky Eve, and she began the descent.

All went well for awhile. As she neared the earth Eve tried to select a favorable spot in which to land, but the grouping of woods and hills and moonlit patches was very confusing, and what had seemed to be a wide field suddenly changed to a park, dotted

with trees and with a great house set in its midst.

Eve tried to keep away from that house, but by some strange fascination it drew her, and the machine toward it. She was gliding swiftly down toward the roof of the mansion, and she knew that death and disaster lay at the end of the fall.

She leaned forward, and the movement shifted her weight. The machine changed its course and just missed the house. It crashed into the tops of a great oak tree and stuck fast, while the engine whirled a few times and then stopped with a cackling sound.

Eve, snug in the aluminum body of the machine, was jarred by the impact and whipped and bruised by the branches as she crashed through.

A momentary silence followed the landing. Then came the sound of opening doors and voices in question and answer.

"It's one of them airplanes got stuck in the oak tree, sir!" came the wondering voice of a stable hand.

A man's voice spoke in quick, authoritative tones.

"Start the big car out here, Benson, and turn on the searchlights! Train them on the tree—on the top, man! By Jove, you're right! Bring a ladder!"

Eve, sitting meekly in her imprisoned flying machine, heard some one scrambling up the tree. Up he came, and she could hear the panting of his breath and the bending of the smaller branches as he mounted near her perch.

Then, the faithful Benson having trained the searchlight so that it, leered the leafy branches and fell full upon Eve's face, the girl saw rising over the edge of her compartment man's head. Inch by inch it was revealed to her in the white light.

A beautifully brushed mop of brown hair, a very white forehead, two jetty black brows and beneath them two unbelieving blue eyes, a handsome nose, a cropped mustache and the astonished mouth of Lewis Thayer. He looked frightened.

"Eve! Eve! Where did you come from?" he gasped at last.

And Eve, bewildered by the unkind trick that fate had served in leading her straight to the home of Lewis Thayer when her proud spirit would have led her to the antipodes rather than face him, could only hang her head and say faintly:

"My machine ran away from me. Something happened to the engine, and I attempted to alight. I didn't know where I was."

"Yes?" was Mr. Thayer's polite inquiry. And neither one of them appeared to notice that there was a trace of humor in this conversation held in the top of a tree on a moonlight evening between two persons who were irrevocably estranged.

But Benson, sleepy and impatient, recalled them to the unpleasant situation.

"Do you need assistance in getting the man down, sir?" he asked.

"The—er—man is a friend of mine, Benson, and he is quite un hurt, so you may as well go to bed. I will help him down," said Thayer authoritative-ly. He was looking down at the expectant Benson and so missed the look of gratitude that Eve shot at him from under her lashes.

"Very well, sir," said Benson with alacrity. "Shall I leave the lights on?"

"If you please, I will put the car in. Good night, Benson."

"Good night, sir," said Benson.

The two in the tree watched Benson's lantern as it bobbed down the driveway toward the lodge at the gate where he lived. When he had disappeared from view Thayer looked into Eve's troubled eyes.

"There is only one way for you to get down," he said seriously.

"And that is?" asked Eve.

"I must carry you."

Eve did not hesitate. She must not show embarrassment. She would be very practical and matter of fact. Circumstances demanded it.

"Very well," she said calmly. She stood erect and steeled herself.

"Whenever you are ready, Mr. Thayer."

Thayer stepped down to a lower branch, braced himself securely, held up his arms and said "Now!"

With Eve in his arms he went down slowly, laboriously, cautiously, for, slim as she was, it was no easy task to carry her down the precarious way to the ground.

At last he slipped to the turf beneath the tree, his left arm still encircling her. She could feel the heavy beating of his overstrained heart. The magnetism of his touch thrilled her as it had done before, and she dreaded the moment when his clasp should loosen and she would be "free" once more.

She didn't want to be free. A little sob caught her throat as she felt his arm relaxing its hold.

The grasp tightened.

"You are hurt, Eve?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," she whispered.

"I might have known it," he muttered. "Tell me."

"My heart," whispered Eve.

"Your heart?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes, Lewis; it is hurt. It is breaking for you," confessed poor Eve, clinging close to him.

She felt his heart leap suddenly, and his right arm came around to fold her in a close embrace.

Shortly afterward the big motorcar leaped down the avenue and went hurtling toward Eve's home. It was a long ride, but the roads were perfect, and the moon blazed whitely down upon Thayer and his sweetheart.

"I'll never ride in an aeroplane again, Lewis," whispered Eve. "I know you hate the things."

"On the contrary, I love them," asserted Thayer heartily. "Didn't one of them bring me a wife?"

Jack Hunter's Thanksgiving

How He Dined on Thanksgiving Day

By DELIA ELLISON

Jack Hunter, a sailor boy, having come ashore with some companions on the arrival of his ship after a three years' cruise, following sailor customs, proceeded to blow in all his savings within a few days.

Now, this was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, for they had all received permission to go to their homes to spend Thanksgiving, and, having spent all his money instead, he had not the wherewithal to pay for a ticket on the railroad to anywhere.

"What'll you do, Jack," asked Joe Baxter, one of his mates—"go back aboard the ship for the ordinary Thanksgiving dinner of salt pork, with plum duff thrown in for Thanksgiving, or walk where you are going?"

"I'll not go to the ship," Jack replied. "I don't like the railroads, anyway. They're dangerous. They swing around the curves in a way to make an old salt sick, and if they don't make him sick they scare him to death, which is worse. There's no sea room on a railroad, and when two trains are comin' together head on on the same track there's no sheerin' off, and there's no savin' of life by jumpin' into the water, for there's nothin' but hard ground below. No, sir. I want an open sea for my meanderin's. I'm goin' to walk."

"What you going to do for grub on the way?"

"Reckon I'll fish in the streams." "Fish! You can't eat the measly little fish that swim in fresh water."

This staggered Jack. He was born on the ocean, his father having been captain of a schooner, and his knowledge of the land was very meager. His



"YOU CAN'T BE MY MARGIE!"

parents were both dead, and he had no brothers or sisters; consequently he had no reason for going to where his mother had lived. There was no one he cared to see, no one with whom to eat a Thanksgiving dinner after he got there. He was somewhat discouraged at the information that fresh water fish were not eatable, for he could not think of any way to support himself on a journey except by grub out of the water. He hesitated whether to try it or go back on to the ship.

But there was one attraction that decided him to go on. During one year that he had lived on land he had played with a little girl named Margie. What her other name was he didn't know. Margie was the only being living—if, indeed, she did live—who connected him with the past. He longed to see her just once to ask her if she remembered playing hide and seek in the haycocks with him.

So he started out the morning of Thanksgiving day to walk to the village where he had spent this one year. He didn't remember much about the route, but had been told that he must proceed in a northwesterly direction. Baxter had 25 cents left, which he bestowed upon Jack. After a discussion as to how the money had best be spent it was decided that Jack would need a compass even more than food. So they stepped into a shop, bought a compass, and after a farewell handshake Jack started on his journey.

Jack soon found that he could get on better by inquiring the way than by relying on his compass, for sometimes the compass would take him across a bay, and a man he met told him how he could go by road. About noon, getting hungry, he stepped into a small restaurant and traded his compass for a couple of sandwiches. During the afternoon a glimmering of memory came to him as to the route he passed over, and here and there a house, a clump of trees, a meadow, a bridge, struck him familiarly. About dusk he came to the schoolhouse where he and Margie had learned to spell words of one and two syllables, had played at recess and had gone together to their homes after school let out.

After that he didn't need a compass or any one to tell him the way—that is, he wouldn't have needed either had it not been for night coming on. He pursued his way, guided rather by distance than sight, and, presently coming to a crossroad, he remembered that Margie used to live down the road to the right for about half a mile. So he turned into it and walked on, though overhanging trees darkened the way.

Jack had proceeded down the crossroad about a quarter of a mile when he came to a house. It couldn't be the house where Margie had lived, for that house, as has been stated, was half a mile from the crossing of the roads. At any rate, it had seemed that distance to Jack sometimes when he triangulated it with his little seven-year-old legs. But what surprised him was that the house looked like the house in which Margie had lived. The only light was one downstairs in the rear. Jack went back where he saw the light and looked in through a window.

The sight he saw excited an appetite already keen. He was looking into a kitchen, and viands were cooking on a stove. There was no sound except the sizzling of the cooking viands. Jack put his hand to the sash and found he could easily raise it. He did so, and the odor of the cooking, mingled with the sound of the sizzling, was delicious to a hungry man. Together they took away every vestige of conscience. He climbed into the window, determined to partake of the refreshment before him.

The first thing he did was to throw open the oven door, and there was a turkey just turning a delicious brown. Jack had served a term in the galley aboard ship, and he instinctively basted the sizzling bird. Then he uncovered a dish on the rear of the stove and from the delicious odor it emitted judged that it was a mince pie being warmed. Other dishes were in process of preparation, but Jack was so entranced with the turkey and the pie that he took little notice of them.

It was hard for him to wait till the turkey was thoroughly cooked, but he held on to himself and waited. Finally he could refrain no longer, and, "dishing up," he placed the various viands on the table and sat down to eat.

Jack remembered that his mother used to ask a blessing before each meal. He could not repeat a blessing to save his life, but he was so thankful for the delicious dinner provided for him by Providence that he shut his eyes, bent his head and expressed his thanks in his own peculiar way. Then, straightening up and opening his "blinkers," he sat for a few moments rigid. A young woman stood looking at him from the other end of the room. On her face was an expression of consternation at seeing a man sitting at her table about to eat her Thanksgiving dinner.

"Ship ahoy!" said Jack by way of speaking to this person, who had so suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Well, I declare!" was the reply.

"Would you mind tellin' me what port you hail from?"

"Would you mind tellin' me what you mean by mindin' yourself at home in my house and eatin' my dinner?"

"Is this your dinner?"

"My dinner! Goodness gracious, what impudence!"

Had Jack not been in his sailor togs doubtless the girl would have been frightened out of her senses. As it was, she was simply astonished. Besides, Jack was a good looking chap, with an honest eye in his head, and when, realizing the situation, a smile broke out on his comely young face the owner of the dinner could not help responding in kind. Jack rose and in a few words told her how he had just reached port and had been given leave to go home for Thanksgiving; that he had no home and had been looking for a little girl he used to play with called Margie when hungry as a bear he had stumbled on a dinner. Then he begged her pardon for proposing to eat what belonged to her and added that he would go on a quarter of a mile farther to where Margie used to live when he was a boy.

"Why, my name is Margie," said the girl. "I'm Margaret Wharton."

"You can't be my Margie! She was a little bit of a— Anyway, it was farther from the crossroads to her house than this house is."

"Are you Jack Hunter?"

"Of course I am. How did you stumble on that?"

"Why, Jack?"

"What's the matter? Is this a story in a book, or am I Jack Hunter, able seaman on the—"

"You're Jack, and I'm Margie, and you've just come in time to eat a Thanksgiving dinner with me. Sit down."

They talked so fast, each constantly breaking in on what the other was saying without stopping from doing justice to the dinner, that it would be impossible to lay down just what they said, but Margie got in information that her parents were dead, her only brother was somewhere else and she was teaching school in a neighboring city. She had come to the old homestead to spend Thanksgiving by herself and while waiting for the dinner to be cooked had gone to a neighbor's to borrow some articles which she had forgotten to provide.

Well, to make a long story short, these two, each being quite alone in the world, decided, as Jack expressed it, to convoy each other. Jack concluded not to go back to sea, accepting a position with a boat builder. In time Margie gave up her school, and the couple are now quite contented with their lot and under Margie's able management of their finances slowly accumulating funds as well as a family.

A Sanitary Survey of Bellefonte.

A letter to one of our townsmen from a friend motoring through this section of the county, tells of impressions formed by civic conditions in parts of our town. "I never saw Bellefonte so thoroughly as yesterday. Your fine homes are wonderful in a town of its size. Your town shows that the citizens have a great deal of civic pride, as the pavements, gutters and streets are in such fine condition. The Public School building reflects great credit on your town and citizenship, as one of the finest, I ever saw. It is simply immense in every particular, you are to be congratulated in casting your lot in a town that has so much to commend. Civic conditions in a town appeal very strongly to me. As good conditions as exist with you indicate the character of the people." We do congratulate ourselves that our lot was cast in Bellefonte, and we also congratulate ourselves upon a beginning made to change its civic conditions, but the greater duty for ourselves and posterity is the protection of its great natural endowments, that we may effectively make a more beautiful and useful city.

The objects of the American Civic Association are: "The cultivation of higher ideals of civic life and beauty in America, the promotion of city, town and neighborhood improvement, the preservation and development of landscape, and the advancement of outdoor art." The promotion of town improvement and the cultivation of higher ideals, in our effort to uplift the conditions for beauty and healthfulness in this community, are already radiating influences, which will eventually lead to the civic and even political regeneration of the entire town.

But for the preservation of landscape or the development of outdoor art, it is only needed to look about us, to realize the necessity of cultivating in the younger generation an absorbing love of the great outdoor art, which surrounds them, and which through example and a lack of ability to appreciate, they only know to join to destroy.

A campaign for the protection of our spring and the preservation of our once famous trout stream, might sufficiently arouse Bellefonte's citizens, to the point of investigating the abuse and what will be the eventual destruction of this history making part of Bellefonte.

In 1795 James Dunlop and James Harris in looking about for the location for the founding of a town, our spring in its beauty and unvarying supply of water, was sufficient reason for their immediate determination to live near it, and never did they or their children or their children's children have cause to criticize the wisdom of these first settlers. In conserving its purity and beauty these men left it in its natural surrounding, the water being for the use of the general public. Later generations, however, losing sight of its inestimable worth, have commercialized its surroundings until now we may safely say, the approach to the spring, without which Bellefonte

would never have been Bellefonte, has become the most unsightly part of the town. Co-operative work and influence could do much in making a beginning to restore in part what has been so unjustly misappropriated. A little paint, the abolishing of the poster advertising, the planting of some shrubbery, and some work by the board of health of the town would go far toward changing the impressions the stranger would carry with him of our wonderful spring.

In 1890 when Centre County was created, Milesburg and Bellefonte competed strongly for the honor of becoming the county-seat. Milesburg appeared to possess an advantage, in the fact that it stood at the head of navigation on Bald Eagle Creek, and as that circumstance seemed to operate materially in favor of Milesburg, the proprietors of Bellefonte were spurred to a more than ordinary effort to overcome it. In this emergency, the tradition is, that those interested in having the county-seat, attached a team to a flat boat, having on board a lot of second-hand furniture (borrowed for the occasion) and dragged the boat up Spring Creek as far as Bellefonte. That done, they hurried a messenger to Lancaster and he arrived with a properly attested affidavit, that the first boat of the season, with freight aboard had arrived at Bellefonte. This statement of facts appeared to indicate that Bellefonte and not Milesburg was at the head of navigation and being expeditiously pressed by parties in interest it resulted in the passage of the Act making Bellefonte the County Seat. And here it was destined that our stream could play its important part in the making of Bellefonte and for history. A stream that by later generations has been abused and misused, until now it might justly be called a sewerage disposal. Robbed of much of its volume by the ruthless cutting away of our wooded land, Logan's Branch comes polluted with the sewerage of all the dwellings along its course, within the borough, to join Spring Creek, laden with drainage from the slaughter-houses supplying every meat shop in the town. Joining their germ-laden waters the stream continues its flow but a short distance, when by an unlawful dam, its greatest volume is taken to be commercialized for water power, leaving but a semblance of this once beautiful stream to make its way through its original bed, and to act as a receptacle for the drainage and trash from a livery stable, for the sewerage from the shirt factory, the entire McClain Block, the drainage from the laundry, and there to sink away under the bridge to be further polluted by the sewerage from that part of the town in which is located all our hotels and largest bottlings. This not satisfying the wanton destroyer of health and beauty, night brings to this poor stream refuse and rubbish that it has not the power to carry away; consequently, is left to make it more unsightly by day.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
WOMAN'S CLUB.

HEARD IN BELLEFONTE

How Bad Backs Have Been Made Strong—Kidney Pills Corrected.

All over Bellefonte you hear it. Doan's Kidney Pills are keeping up the good work. Bellefonte people are telling of bad backs made sound again. You can believe the testimony of your own townspeople. They tell it for the benefit of you who are suffering. If your back aches, if you feel lame, sore and miserable, if the kidneys act too frequently, or passages are painful, scanty and off color, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped so many of your friends and neighbors. Follow this Bellefonte citizen's advice and give Doan's a chance to do the same for you.

William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I suffered for a long time from pain and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secre-

tions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to try them and procured a supply from Green's Pharmacy Co. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint, is to take Doan's Kidney Pills. You are welcome to publish my endorsement at any time you desire."

The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. McClellan had—the remedy backed by home testimony. See all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

May Exchange Mileage.

The Pennsylvania Railroad on November 1st inaugurated a new practice, which is designed to eliminate the inconveniences that arise from passengers surrendering their mileage books to Pullman conductors overnight.

The new plan is this: Anyone intending to ride on a Pennsylvania Railroad train overnight and who owns a book of mileage coupons good on the Pennsylvania Railroad can, if desired, take the mileage book to a ticket office and exchange the required number of miles for a regular ticket. In this way a passenger will get the benefit of the low mileage rate, he will have his mileage coupons cancelled in his presence, and will receive a regular ticket for his transportation on the railroad.

The new rule will at first be put into effect only at Pennsylvania Station, Pittsburgh, and at East Liberty Station. If it proves a convenience, and is found to be satisfactory to the patrons of the

railroad, consideration will be given to extending it to other stations out of which there is heavy night travel.

Machines Stuck in Mud.

Irvin Ellenberger, a well known Sinking Valley farmer, has been in considerable of a quandary the past few days as to how to get his big threshing machine tank and baler out of the deep mud in which it has been imbedded. Mr. Ellenberger was pulling his machine along a roadway on one of the farms, when the outfit sank into the mud and he has since been unable to extricate it, even under full steam pressure.

Buy Timber Tract.

W. H. Garland, of Sandy Ridge, has just made a purchase of all the timber on the Mrs. L. V. Gray lands back of Blue Hall. Most of it is small timber, suited for telephone poles, ties, mine props, etc.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

OPPORTUNITY WEEK AT CLASTER'S

With each new opportunity week more and more persons realize the wonderful money saving advantages that the coming week affords. There isn't any of the more than five hundred bargains that you'll find on sale here that isn't desirable in every particular and lower in price than it can be bought ordinarily, here or anywhere else. So great are the savings to be secured, that a journey from any distance will be worth while to take advantage of them. This week's offerings are especially strong in wearing apparel, for men, women and children. The good warm clothing that will be needed during the next few months can be bought now to better money savings advantages than at any other time.



Most Men and Young Men Know the Pleasure of Choosing their Suit and Overcoat Where Assortments are Greatest & Prices are Least.

Never a week but a dozen of new garments arrive to freshen our collections and meet the demand of every taste, size or need.

Usual \$10.00 SUITS and OVERCOATS \$ 7.50
Usual \$12.50 SUITS and OVERCOATS \$ 9.95
Usual \$15.00 SUITS and OVERCOATS \$12.00
Usual \$18.00 SUITS and OVERCOATS \$14.50

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH GABARDINE MEN'S

RAINCOATS

REGULAR \$15.00 VALUE at SPECIAL PRICE.

\$11

SO MANY LITTLE GIRLS' ARE BEING COSTUMED HERE.

Because mothers find that our assortments are so very large, so very pretty and always the least in price, for instance

Charming 7.00 Coats 6 to 14 yrs \$4.98

4.00 Serge Dresses Balkan effect \$2.98

CHILDRENS 2.50 and 3.00 SWEATER COATS at 1.49 and 1.98

INFANTS BEARSKIN GARACUL, and CHINCHILLA COATS at \$1.98 \$2.48

\$2.98 to \$5.75

100 Suits for Boys
\$4.00 each

Brown and gray mixed suits in Norfolk style, with box pleats and stitched belts.

8 to 17 Years

GLOVE SPECIALS

Women's \$1.00 & \$1.25
 Values at

85c

Tan Cape Gloves, also Two-Clasp Kid Gloves, with 3 rows flat embroidered backs; black, light & dark tans. P. X. M. sewn

SUITS : COATS : DRESSES

The widest and most pleasing assortment of medium priced apparel shown anywhere: styles, workmanship and quality that challenge superiority at anything near like these prices; all women's misses' and junior sizes.

SUITS, \$12.98

Finely tailored suits of serge, diagonal material in navy blue, black and brown.

Plain tailored & semi dressy styles. Some without an atom of decoration to mar their mannish smartness, others prettily finished with touches of velvet or belts in the back nice quality of yarn dyed satin coat linings.

Suits \$16.50 - Value \$22.50

Excellent quality serges, whipcords and bedford cords, blue tailored styles in cutaway effect, showing button trimmed backs, tuxedo collars.

TOP COATS Value \$15 \$9.50

Three quarter and full length models in fine mannish coatings double faced zibelines and striped velours, with patch pockets, plush collars or large velvet buttons.

Top Coats, Value \$20, \$14.98

Wide and tempting varieties in black, brown, taupe, navy blue and two tone boucles also fine astrachan cloth and chinchilla. They are made in the very smartest new winter styles many with big wool velour or astrachan cloth collar and cuffs; and nearly all fully lined.



MEN WANTED.

To learn the auto business and take an agency.

You can make from \$18 to \$50 a week driving, selling or repairing cars. We will teach you in a few weeks in your own home to be an expert automobile man, and get you an agency for a high grade car. We have been established five years, and have over 6000 successful graduates. Write at once for free booklet which gives full information.

ROCHESTER AUTO SCHOOL 87 CHURCH ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Legal Note.

Dix—My lawyer tells me I have a strong case. Dix—He probably means that it is one that will last for years.—Boston Transcript.

Poor Guesses.

Patience—Is Will good at guessing games? Patience—I think not. He said he guessed I'd learn to love him.—Yonkers Statesman.

There is no wrong a man can do but is a thwarting of the living right.

One Voice Music.

Composers have not scorned writing airs to suit the style of particular singers, thus, as Francis Rogers remarks, "storing up for the usual voices of subsequent generations much travail and sorrow." Mendelssohn crowded "Hear Ye, Israel," with high F sharps to give Jenny Lind, whom he adored, a chance to display the particular beauty of her voice in that region, with the result that that air has been a sore trial to most sopranos ever since Faure, the famous French baritone, also had a particularly facile and mellow high F sharp, and many parts were written especially to give him a chance to exhibit it to the gasping multitude. But in most baritone voices this F sharp is the very limit of the upper range, and although it may have both power and brilliance, it seldom possesses either mellowness or facility; consequently all the roles written for Faure (Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," for instance) are particular trying for the ordinary baritone.—Argonaut.

Bear Fighting.

In the seventeenth century on *peas* days the life of the czar of Russia was enlivened with such amusements as a battle to the death between a bear and a spearman, in which, it is said, frequently the man lost his life. In the event of a successful issue the spearman was rewarded by being taken to the royal cellars, where he was allowed to drink as much as he liked.—Cri de Paris.

Not Enough Practice.

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie," said the aunt reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say 'Thank you?'" "I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough for practice," answered the young diplomat, hopefully eyeing a box of chocolates.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Easily Explained.

Grinn—What's happened to disturb the friendship between Nupop and Cutup? Each one of them says the other is an intolerable bore. Barrett—Nupop's recently become the father of a firstborn and Cutup's just had a surgical operation.—Exchange.

Just a Reminder.

"You must give me credit for making money last," declared the wife. "But don't forget that I make it first," said the husband.—Buffalo Express.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 6, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, Editor & Pub.
Subscription rate, \$1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, \$1.50 a year in Advance.

Advertising Rates.
One Column, 1 Year, \$100
One Half Column, 1 Year, \$50
One Quarter Column, 1 Year, \$25
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

ALL BIG FEATURES

Program for Institute Entertainments is Above Average.

Don't fail to take advantage of the opportunity to hear the high class entertainments, booked for the County Institute, which will come down upon the town next week. All the evening numbers are big. Monday, the great Ernest Gamble Concert Co. will entertain. This company has appeared before the Clinton County Institute twice in as many years, and all who heard them speak in highest terms of their performance. This will be one of the really great companies to visit our town during the year. You can't afford to miss hearing these people.

Ralph Parlette is a great entertainer. He will be in the Court House on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th. He is chock full of fun and sense. He is a hard man to secure, since he is usually booked a long way ahead. But he is due in the Court House on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11. Take an evening off to enjoy his common sense hits, and his bristling points of humor.

The State College Quartette should receive a warm welcome when it appears in Bellefonte on Wednesday evening, Nov. 12th. The College boys made a fine impression wherever they appeared when on their trip to the Pacific coast, last spring, upon invitation and at the expense of the Santa Fe Railroad. This quartet is at present making preparation for a trip to the Canal Zone during the coming holiday season.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 13th, Dr. Madison C. Peters, the great pulpiter orator of New York City, will appear before the Institute. Dr. Peters always has a message worth while, and he presents it as few are able to do. He is sure to bring sunshine and good sense. Go hear him, so that you may afterward congratulate yourself on having heard a great talk by a great talker.

Had Mix-Up in the Dark.

Last Saturday night a number of foreigners from White Rock loaded up with John Barleycorn and endeavored to drive in a buggy to Pleasant Gap. Somewhere in the vicinity of Axe Mann their team collided with that of Mac Weaver. The accident happened just about the time the revival services in the Axe Mann Methodist Episcopal church were being concluded, and for a few minutes it was feared that there had been a frightful wreck and a number of persons injured. With the aid of a lantern the facts were pretty badly damaged and his horse was among the missing. Scattered along the road were numerous bundles and packages, which had fallen out of the buggy driven by the foreigners. The latter protested that they were not drunk, but they paid Mr. Weaver \$5 to help toward repairs to his buggy and harness. The foreigners made several unsuccessful attempts to keep in the road, landing in the creek once or twice and keeping neighbors awake by their noise and clutter.

Foreigner Stabbed Another.

Steve Hanko, was brought here from Phillipsburg and lodged in jail on Wednesday, charged with having stabbed another foreigner during a celebration of some kind nearby that place. He is being held pending the result of the man's injuries.

Mothersbaugh-Koch.

On Saturday morning, November 1st, at the Reformed parsonage in Bellefonte, Daniel G. Mothersbaugh and Miss Mabel G. Koch, both of Boscawen, were joined in the bonds of holy wedlock by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, ss.
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal)

A. W. GLEASON

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Moore store.
Wheat, per bushel, \$1.25
Butter, per pound, .12

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gibson & Co.
Wheat, white or mixed, .80
Wheat, red, .75
Corn, yellow (per bu.), .75
Corn, ears, (per bu.), .75
Oats, (per bu.), .40
Rye, (per bu.), .45
Barley, (per bu.), .45
Buckwheat, (per bu.), .50

Adelia York's Pride

One Good Deed Deserves Another

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Adelia York looked very despairingly around her immaculately clean and quite bare pantry. Cooking utensils were arranged in orderly neatness, and the everyday china was shining on its particular shelf, but of provisions there were none to mention.

The bread box was empty as well as the cake box and the cookie can. The tea canister held only a dust of tea on the bottom, and the coffee jar had been empty for two weeks.

This was the day that Adelia had held out against for weeks. Little by little her store of ready money had dwindled until at last there remained only 15 cents in her little beaded purse.

Adelia was proud, and she was now poor, since she had received a letter from New York saying that the railroad stock whose dividends provided her modest income was quite worthless now. Without the semiannual dividend, which was due now, Adelia was penniless. She owned the little house where she lived, for she had inherited it from Aunt Rebecca York, whom she had nursed through an irritable and eccentric old age and whose death did not bring to light half of the securities which her will had named as Adelia's portion.

"I must go to Mr. Brown and see if I cannot get a loan on the house," sighed Adelia as she closed the pantry door and sank weakly into a rocking chair.

To her dismay, the office door was locked and a card on the door said that Mr. Brown had gone to Albany on business and would return two days later.

Adelia smiled bitterly as she turned away. Mr. Brown had been her last hope. He was the principal business man of the little village, and to none other would she have confided the desperate condition of her affairs. Foolish she might have been, absurdly proud she undoubtedly was, but the Yorks were all that way, and Adelia was a York to the very marrow of her delicate bones.

She stepped slowly up the brick paved street toward her little home, now and then pausing to give greeting to some friend or neighbor.

Miss Cherry Downs popped her head out of the door and urged her to come in and stay for supper.

"I'm all alone, Adelia," she insisted. "I'm going to have some warmed over succotash and a peach shortcake. I feel too mean for anything eating it alone."

Adelia flushed warmly, but she shook her head. "I'm sorry, Cherry, but I must get home at once. Thank you just the same," she ended, hurrying away.

Adelia hastened home, conscience-stricken at the untruth she had spoken about the biscuit. Her pride was at the bottom of it all, she told herself remorsefully as she entered the house. Her mouth had watered at Cherry's invitation to supper, but pride had risen like a wall before her.

"I wasn't too proud to tell a lie," she lashed her conscience with this thought. She felt faint and cold and almost ill from lack of food. The hens had suddenly ceased to lay, and she was glad of it. She had revolted against eggs, but they had kept up her strength.

Adelia went out to the back porch to bring in her bread and tea which the groceryman must have delivered by this time. There were some cans of fruit in the cellar left over from last winter. She decided that she would have a cup of tea and some bread and peach jam for her supper.

On the wooden bench on the back porch was a big basket, and it was generously heaped with packages and parcels of groceries.

Adelia gasped. The new man had made a mistake. He had left somebody else's order, and her miserable pittance of bread and tea had gone elsewhere.

She juggled the basket into the kitchen and locked the door. Then Adelia York did a strange thing. She put all the packages away in her pantry and hid the basket in the cellar. When she panted up the stairs once more she looked into the pantry and made inventory of the provisions. There were flour and sugar and butter and baking powder, tea and coffee and crackers and rice and cereal, jars and cans of dried beef and codfish, and wrapped in a separate paper was a fine porterhouse steak.

Adelia stood with locked fingers and compressed lips. These things belonged to her neighbor, Mrs. Mason. The Masons were generous livers. What would Mrs. Mason think of her? What would any one think of her?

Adelia's pride forbade her giving in to her pleading conscience. She stepped briskly around, her red lips closed in a tight line of resistance, preparing the evening meal. When she sat down to it she ate heartily, eating the juicy meat and drinking the fragrant coffee until her hunger was appeased.

It was not until she had washed the dishes and put them away and sat down with folded hands that Adelia actually realized the enormity of her offense.

The next morning she arose very early, and without eating a morsel she

went to the china cupboard in the dining room and took down Aunt Rebecca's brilliant tea set. This tea set was Adelia's most cherished heirloom and had belonged to her grandmother before Aunt Rebecca possessed it.

Mrs. Mason had admitted the tea set more than once and had hinted that if Adelia ever desired to sell it she would like to have an opportunity to become its owner.

"It will hurt me more than anything else to give this up," said Adelia to herself as she wiped off the shining treasure, "but I guess that pride of mine will have to pay for it. I shall give it to Annie Mason right now in exchange for those things, and I shan't accept anything more than the value of that food. I've often seen grandmother pour tea from it, but Aunt Rebecca never used it that I remember. It's odd how she asked for it the day before she died and went to sleep with it in her hands. Poor Aunt Rebecca! She was so eccentric. But she meant well, I'm sure."

Wrapping the brilliant tea set in her little red shawl, Adelia went through the orchard to the little gate in the fence that opened into Mrs. Mason's vegetable garden.

Annie Mason was on her knees pulling weeds. Her rosy face grew rosier when she saw Adelia standing there, pale and ill looking.

"What is it, Adelia?" she asked quickly. "Is anything the matter?" She sat back on her heels and shook the earth from a monster beet root.

Adelia's voice trembled with emotion.

"I've got to see you alone, Annie," she said hurriedly. "It's very important."

Mrs. Mason arose with difficulty, for she was very stout, and with a troubled expression on her comely face she led the way to the house and into the sitting room.

"There ain't a soul to home this morning. They've all gone off, Adelia. What on earth's the matter?" She dropped into a chair and waved Adelia into another.

Adelia unwrapped the shawl and set the brilliant tea set on the table before she spoke.

"Annie Mason, I've got a confession to make," she said in a low, shamed tone. "I've been short of money ever since the railroad went to smash and they stopped dividends. I was too afraid to borrow money on the house or to get in debt, and I've been hungry—just plain hungry. So yesterday when I got home I found a big basket of groceries on the back porch—and I was so hungry I kept them!"

She paused tragically.

"Well?" gasped Mrs. Mason.

"Well, they're yours, Annie Mason. I'm sure they are. All I had ordered was a loaf of bread and 10 cents' worth of tea, and I've kept your provisions, and to pay you back for them and to punish myself for being so wickedly proud I've brought over the brilliant tea set. It's for you!" Adelia sank back in her chair, and her lips were very white.

Mrs. Mason said not a word then, but she drew around and brought a pillow for Adelia's head and a little glass of blackberry wine. When the color came into Adelia's cheeks Annie Mason leaned over her frail neighbor and spoke impressively.

"Now, don't you dare say a word, Adelia, till I'm through. I want you to know that I haven't forgotten how you helped me when the children had the measles last winter and all the kind and neighborly things you've done since we've been here. And somehow I knew that you was having some temporary trouble, and yesterday morning when I was giving my grocery order I said to the new man, 'My neighbor, Mrs. York, forgot to tell you all she wanted this morning, and you can just add these things to her order.' And then I made up a list, and those you found on the porch were your own, Adelia York. I won't bear a word against it! What's the use of having neighbors if they can't help each other out? 'Neighbor' means to be 'near to,' and the time to be near to is when we're in trouble. Don't you dare cry, Adelia York!"

Mrs. Mason was crying herself as she spoke, and after she and Adelia had mingled their tears and had grown a little calmer the older woman suggested that they drink a cup of tea made in the brilliant tea set.

Adelia dried her eyes and smiled, and Annie Mason went to the kitchen sink to wash out the tea set.

"The spout's all stopped up, Adelia," she called. "Just bring me that knitting needle off the table, will you?" "I declare, it's stuffed with paper!" she exclaimed as she pried with the needle. "What the land!" She drew forth the needle and with it a wet and crumpled roll of paper.

Adelia opened it carefully. "Aunt Rebecca must have put something in it," she said in a dazed tone as she flattened out the engraved certificates of stock.

"I'll bet it's those missing securities!" cried Annie Mason excitedly. "Well, your Aunt Rebecca would be likely to do that. Didn't you tell me she had the tea set in her room the day before she died?"

Adelia nodded. Her eyes were heavy with tears. "It's all so wonderful, Annie. I mean my awful pride and then my yielding to temptation to take your provisions, not knowing you had given them to me, and then my punishing myself by giving you the tea set and finding the securities. But there's one thing I value more than all the money, Annie Mason," she ended wistfully.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Mason cheerily.

"The understanding what 'neighbor' means—being 'near to' each other," replied Adelia.

The Colonel's Pride

How the Army Regulations Were Adhered to and a Genius Secured For the Band

By ARTHUR TOWNSEND

"Do you play on any musical instrument?"

"No."

"Have no musical taste?" "I don't know. I was born and have lived all my life in the heart of a forest, where no musical sound except the singing of the birds has ever reached my ears. But that I have always dearly loved. Why do you ask these questions?"

"Because if you could play upon the cornet or the flageolet or the trombone you might be permitted to live. As it is, your sentence will be carried out. What a pity that you have not some foundation for a musical training! I could in a few days coach you so that you might save yourself from being shot."

When the Spanish war broke out the news of it reached the wilderness in which I lived. Here was a chance to get out of the woods and into the world. I would enlist for a soldier. I would need no money. The government would clothe, feed and transport me, and all that would be required of me would be to be shot. And if those who shot at me missed me and continued to miss me till the war was over I would be taken care of till the next war, and if I lived through all the wars till I became an old man I would be laid on the shelf, but would be still taken care of.

This was the explanation given me by the recruiting officer, whom I found after a walk of sixty miles. Not caring to walk back again and remain out of the world I accepted the conditions to remain in the world till some enemy fired a shot that would give the government the best of the bargain. I was put into an infantry regiment and an effort was made to knock some of the "green" out of me and turn me into a soldier. But the effort failed. I could not be disciplined and within a week after having been landed in Cuba I struck my captain, was tried for mutiny and sentenced to be shot.

There are two extremes in war. When an army is not in action there is enough red tape used to girdle the world, but when the real work begins there isn't any red tape at all. In the midst of that occurred after our landing, while many a good soldier lay dying on the battlefield, I, a mutineer, ill with malarial fever, was turned into the house of a Cuban farmer and was attended by his daughter, one of those dark haired, olive complexioned, long eyelashed daughters of equatorial regions who can't look at a man without falling in love with him.

It has required three times the talk to tell all these commonplace facts as the beginning of my story. It was Inez Gonzales, the farmer's daughter and my nurse, who regretted my want of musical training with which I might have saved my life by blowing a horn.

"A regiment encamped yesterday," she went on, "in a field across the road, and two of the men slipped here this evening. One of them said that his cornet and his flageolet had been killed and his trombone was groaning under a bad wound. The colonel was very proud of the regimental band, and just as soon as the routine of army life recommenced he would notice that the music was not up to the mark and there would be the mischief to pay. The other suggested that musicians be obtained from the prisoners who had been captured from the enemy. The first man answered that he hadn't thought of it; he would try. If you were a musician he might put you into the band."

Here was a chance for life—a ghost of a chance, but still a chance. The only indication that I had enough music in me to avail myself of the opportunity was that I had loved the songs of birds. I asked Inez to go to the camp, find the bandmaster and tell him there was a man in her home who could play on any instrument; that he was ill, but convalescent, and with a couple of weeks' practice would be able to take his place in a band.

Inez told the story, and the bandmaster came over to see me. When I told him I was under sentence to be shot he was a bit discouraged, but said that if I was a first class cornet player he thought the colonel would have enough influence to get a commutation or something that would save my breath for the band. He went away and came back to say that he had seen the colonel and secured an order delaying my execution till it could be discovered whether I was a valuable musician. If so some way of defeating justice would be found by which I could be utilized. The colonel's pride in the band was such that he would shoot a dummy in my stead if necessary, only the army regulations must be faithfully adhered to. But my abilities must be tested before any change in the army situation should take place.

So there I was, not knowing a note of music, sick in bed and required to make a musician of myself immediately, for army situations are not lasting, and the present one was liable to be changed at any moment. I got busy at once, with my life the spur to drive me on. Inez, having taken a few lessons on the piano, had the where-withal for a beginning. But there was no time to put on an instrument so unlike the one I was required to play, and Inez borrowed a flute. On this I made a beginning. It was better for the purpose than a cornet since it made less noise, and the bandmaster across the road couldn't hear me practicing.

Written music bothered me, but I made wonderful progress, playing whatever came into my head. I could not read music—at least could not learn to do so quickly enough for the purpose—but I could improvise, and what astonished Inez was that I could not only "make up" airs, but could play them with remarkable fervor.

All this developed within a few days, at the end of which time the bandmaster sent to learn if I was well enough to play for him. I replied that I would be very soon, but since I had not touched a musical instrument since the war began I would like to have him send me one on which I might get a little practice before submitting to a test. He sent me a cornet.

Fearing that he would hear my first efforts and learn of my ignorance of the art to which I pretended, I asked Inez to stuff the cracks in the windows of the room in which I lay, and I began my efforts under the bed. I made what headway I could in this disadvantageous way and in two days began to play on the bed instead of under it. Whether I was heard by the bandmaster or not I don't know, but if I was no word about it came to me. But so fearful was I of betraying my want of knowledge of the cornet that I dare not blow a full blast.

Every day I feared some change that would cut short my preparation, and it was carried on under the fear that at any moment the army law might be permitted to take its course. I was haunted by the expectation of being marched out at any moment, stood up before a file of soldiers and shot. So lugubrious were my feelings that my playing would have been much better fitted for a funeral march than the popular airs of the day.

One morning the bandmaster came to see me and told me that a candidate for cornet player in the band had appeared in the personage of a soldier in the ranks and, since he must have a man to fill the post as soon as possible, unless I was ready to stand a test he would have the other man transferred to the band. I begged him to wait a few days that I might get more strength, but he said the colonel was liable at any time to notice the deteriorated condition of the band, and if he did it would be impossible to tell what he would do. This frightened me, and I consented to stand trial.

The next afternoon he brought a man to the house where I was lying. Inez saw them coming with a cornet and, pale as death, ran in to tell me. I was desperate. If I submitted to a trial of skill between myself and one who was familiar with the instrument I would doubtless show my inability as a cornet player; if I refused to submit the man would be appointed in my place and I would be shot.

"Let them come," I exclaimed. "I will blow a blast that will awaken the dead."

I knew that my room was no place for a test on a cornet and asked Inez to hand me my clothes. When the bandmaster arrived I was dressing and sent word to him that I would be out in a few minutes. Having finished my toilet, I muttered a prayer and staggered out on to a porch, where I dropped into a chair. The bandmaster told me and my rival that he would take into the band the better player of the two, and since I was weak and the other fellow was strong he would give me the advantage of playing after him.

My rival took the cornet carelessly. It did not appear that he was anxious to get into the band, and he did not make a special effort. He did not need to do so to beat me, though he did not know it. He played a selection from the overture to "Zampa," a favorite piece for cornet players to show their skill. He rendered it very well, and I could not have played it at all.

One of the few simple airs I had learned was "Home, Sweet Home." Taking the cornet from the bandmaster, I told him that I was not strong enough to give him anything displaying technique; I could only produce melody. I fixed my mind on the cabin where I knew my dear mother was daily thinking of me and on the scene of my expected execution. There were but few notes, but each note was expressive of my depth of feeling. Persons who were passing stopped to listen. I played the air through once, and all were absorbed. I played it a second time, and their eyes were wet. The third time every one within hearing was weeping.

"That's enough," said the bandmaster; "you're my man."

"Hold," I said; "the secret must come out in time! I can't play a note. I have simply learned this in the vain hope of saving my life."

"I don't care if you can't play the scale; there's more music in you than in my whole band. I'll make a musician of you, and when I do you'll be a wonder."

Inez's tears gushed afresh, and she clasped me in her arms.

My execution was got round in this way. A requisition was made on the quartermaster for a coffin. It was indorsed, "No coffin in my possession." The requisition having been referred to the colonel, he issued a special order that I was to be released from arrest till a coffin could be procured in which to bury me. The coffin was never procured, and I have never been buried. The army regulations were adhered to, and I have become a great musician. Inez is my wife.

Mrs. J. E. D. Huffman Dead.

Mrs. J. E. D. Huffman, of Williamsport, died late Wednesday night of last week in the German hospital, Philadelphia, in which institution she had been under the care of Dr. John B. Beaver, for three weeks. She had been in poor health for several years. Deceased before her marriage to Mr. Huffman was Miss Gertrude Spigelmyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Spigelmyer, of Bellefonte. Surviving are her husband and three children, her parents and two sisters, Mrs. G. Willard Hall, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Charles Case, of Sunbury.

Ultimatum to Huerta.

An ultimatum to President Huerta, of Mexico, that he must resign, has been issued by President Wilson. The ultimatum carried with it the further provision that General Blanquet, Huerta's Minister of War, must be delegated as Huerta's successor. President Wilson's action is expected to bring the Mexican situation to a head, future developments now hinging on what course Huerta shall pursue.

Holding Successful Revival.

A most interesting and successful series of revival meetings is under way at the Axe Mann Methodist Episcopal church, the same being conducted by Rev. D. J. Fram, of Pleasant Gap. Thus far there have been 17 conversions, 15 of the number converted having united with the church. The meetings will be continued and with prospects of results even more gratifying than those to date.

Mrs. Hannah H. Bowes Dead.

Mrs. Hannah H. Bowes, widow of the late A. J. Bowes, died at her late home in Lock Haven early Monday morning. She removed to Lock Haven during the last summer. She was aged about 54 years.

Child's Narrow Escape.

A 20-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. William Schadt, of Castana last Thursday fell to the street from a second story window while the mother was busy house-cleaning. The child's left arm was crushed, but beyond some bruises it apparently was not otherwise injured.

83 Head of Live Stock

To be sold at public sale on the Pond Bank Farm 3 miles north-west of State College and 1 1/2 miles east of Waddle Station, on

Friday, Nov. 14, 1913,

at 10 o'clock a. m., described as follows:

10 HORSES—One mated pair of grays; horse 5 years old, mare 6 years old; wt. 2500; sound and good as they grow. One black mare 8 years old, with colt; wt. 1600; good worker. 3 Percheron mare colts 5, 6 and 7 months old at time of sale; these are fine colts. One bay driving horse 12 years old; safe, and a No. 1 driver. One pair young driving mares 4 and 5 yrs. old, full sisters. One black saddle and driving mare.

6 MILCH COWS—All due to calf between Dec. 1st and Jan. 27th. These are young cows and all are heavy milkers.

15 HEIFERS—Some coming in soon and most all with calf.

4 YEARLING STEERS.

63-64 GUERNSEY BULL—3 years old; a high class fellow from College herd.

6 SPRING & SUMMER HEIFER CALVES.

6 YOUNG BERKSHIRE SOWS.

35 FINE BERKSHIRE PIGS that will be about 3 months old by time of sale; some good young Berkshire breeding stock.

1 Low-down Pennsylvania Drill good as new; 1 Deering Binder in good working order; 3 or 4 2-horse Cultivators; Potato Raiser, &c.

Bellefonte Central trains will stop at farm on day of sale.

GEO. B. THOMPSON.

L. FRANK MAYES, Auct.

Wedding Presents

A complete line of the beautiful patterns.

"Stratford"

and

"Madame Morris"

In Sterling just received

Articles large and small.

F. P. Blair & Son

Bellefonte

Pa.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

We are sorry to note the fact that Joseph Loder is not feeling as well as his many friends wish for.

Peter Robb was a Bellefonte shopper on Friday.

These days Dain Sunbarger is feeling so well that he is again able to be about.

The literary meeting on Wednesday evening was attended with considerable interest. It was conducted successfully by the scholars of the High School. The subject for debate was:

"Resolved, That fear of eternal punishment by man is greater than capital punishment."

The judges decided in favor of the negative. The Journal was read by Jason Snyder.

A party of Altoona folks spent Wednesday with Mrs. Christ Schenck, her guests being Mrs. Richard Fowler, O. O. Lutz, Wilson Flemming, Charles Flemming, D. W. Fox, H. D. Jones, F. P. Hesser, T. J. Hawk, Miles Shultz and Master Lynn Shultz, and Mrs. T. W. Blackburn.

Christ Fletcher and daughter were Bellefonte visitors last Thursday.

Considerable interest attended Tuesday's election in the borough. The proposed \$50,000,000 road loan was defeated, 68 to 24. A. A. Fletcher and Hayes Schenck were elected Justices of the Peace. George L. Williams was chosen Burgess. J. L. Holter won out for Tax Collector. Philip C. Holter and Harold Schenck were elected Auditors. L. H. Neff, Christ B. Fletcher, C. M. Fox and John Lyon were elected to Council. The complete vote in the borough follows:

Judge of Election—C. F. Gardner, D. 78; John T. Butler, R. 79.

Inspectors—Alonzo Henderson, D. 57; W. C. Shay, R. 74.

Assessor—H. T. McDowell, 28; J. M. Holter, W & R, 105.

Council (elect 4)—C. M. Fox, D. 67; W. B. Henderson, D. 48; John Lyon, D. 65; John P. Weber, D. 46; James F. Kane, W. 25; L. H. Neff, W & R, 71; Christ B. Fletcher, W & R, 90; G. F. Williams, W & R, 59; Samuel B. Holter, R. 61.

School Directors (elect 2)—John C. Wagner, D. 50, Summer Wolf, D. 66; H. C. Holter, W & R, 90; Z. T. Weirick, W. 19; Ch. Fletcher, R. 63.

Burgess—W. J. Wilson, D. 26; G. L. Williams, W & R, 90.

Tax Collector—George D. Johnston, D. 28; J. L. Hall, W & R, 106.

Auditors (elect 2)—W. R. McDowell, D. 26; C. A. Moore, D. 31; Philip C. Holter, W & R, 90; Harold Schenck, W & R, 85.

Justices of Peace (elect 2)—A. A. Fletcher, D. 99; John A. Woodward, D. 7; Hayes Schenck, W. 70; F. S. Dunham, R. 64. Mr. Woodward announced before the polls opened that he would not serve if elected and requested his friends not to vote for him.

Charles Bowes spent last week husking corn at Cedar Springs, with his brother-in-law, J. H. McKibben.

Mr. Barger is proud of two fat porkers that will tip the scales beyond the 600-pound mark.

When the election returns showed that A. A. Fletcher had been elected a Justice of the Peace Mr. Fletcher said that he desired to express his thanks to voters of all parties for their kind support at the polls.

Blanchard.

While Charles Graham was trying out an old musket it exploded and he was burned about his face and one arm.

Miss Mary Johnston, teacher at Pleasant Gap, was operated on for appendicitis recently at the Bellefonte hospital. Her school is in charge of Mrs. Laura Bechdel.

An infant child of Francis Poorman, of Orviston, died suddenly on Monday at the home of Dr. J. E. Tibbens. The Poormans had spent Sunday at Howard and were about to return home when the child was taken ill with convulsions.

William H. Fletcher Dead.

William H. Fletcher died rather suddenly at his late home at Conneautville about 5 o'clock last Thursday morning. He had not been in good health for some time. His condition was not such as to cause any alarm when he retired for the night on Wednesday. During the night his wife spoke to him several times, but receiving no response got up and turned on the light. She found her husband unconscious and summoned a physician. Mr. Fletcher passed away several hours later without having regained consciousness. His body was removed to Howard and taken from the noon train to the Schenck cemetery for interment. Deceased was aged about 41 years and was a son of the late Reuben Fletcher. Surviving is a widow, formerly Miss Mattie Miller, of Beech Creek, and four children; also his mother, a brother, John Fletcher, of Conneaut Lake, and two sisters, Mrs. Carrie Hopkins and Mrs. Anna Jones, both of Johnsbury. Deceased was a cousin of Frank L. Wetzler, the undertaker, of Milesburg.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

Pine Grove Mills.

The stork left a chubby little boy at Harry McClellan's and also a fine boy at J. S. Miller's home. All are doing nicely.

Grandmother Williams, of Lemont, is making a month's visit to the William Glenn home, before cold weather sets in.

Mrs. Sellers and Mrs. Waddle, of Briarly, visited with Aunt Kate Musser, on Main Street, last week.

H. F. Grebe, formerly undertaker at State College, last week had his household goods shipped to Allegheny, at which place he is engaged in the same business.

Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Woods were hastily called to Braddock last Friday to the bedside of their daughter, Mary, who is quite ill.

Will Keller and wife, of Pittsburg, are visiting with friends in the valley.

Miss Isabelle McWilliams left on Monday for a two weeks' visit among friends in Johnstown.

After a week's visit with friends at Selinsgrove, Miss Sue Dannley returned home last Friday, much delighted with her journey as well as her visit.

Mrs. Fortney departed on Wednesday for a week's visit down Pennsylvania.

Ed. Moore and Harry McCracken are mastering 20th Century manure spreaders.

Bunnies seems to be plenty, and so are tinrods. George and Guy Rossman each got the limit on the first day of the season. William Gummo got 8, George Smith, Samuel Martz, R. M. and N. T. Krebs, 6 each. The party bagged 44 rabbits and one quail. Many others came in with three and four, while some none.

It isn't often that a horse gets away with Dr. W. H. Fry, the veterinarian, but a vicious fellow showed his heels to the Doctor last Thursday, hitting him in the face and putting one eye temporarily out of business.

Last Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock at the Lutheran parsonage, Leslie C. Krebs and Miss Anna E. Kline were happily married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. S. Spangler, the popular young pastor of the Pine Grove Mills Lutheran church. The groom is a son of D. C. Krebs, of State College, and a Penn State man, class of '13, in Agriculture. He is a splendid, worthy young man and has a host of warm friends.

His bride is a young lady possessing many gracious and noble qualities and is qualified in every way to grace the new home. After a brief honeymoon tour the newly married couple will be at home to friends at Hictor, N. Y., at which place Mr. Krebs has a lucrative position.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wensel, of Yarnell, and their daughter from Tyrone, were in Mt. Eagle on Friday afternoon to see Mrs. Jacob Shank. The latter is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and son, of Philadelphia, are spending a few days with their aunt, Mrs. Elita Leathers.

Solomon Tice is around with his separator cleaning up the farmers' crops for this year.

Al. Strickland, after another visit to the hospital, says that his hand is healing up nicely and will soon be in good shape.

E. E. Heverly, George Shope, George Robinson and Will Shank were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday.

Hayes Daughenbaugh was called home from Tyrone last Friday by sickness in his family.

John Deitz, who makes his home in Jacksonville with his daughter, is spending a few days with his brother, Frank, the grocerman.

Will Robinson and Will Gates took in the Roland Mann sale at Marsh Creek on Saturday afternoon.

The railroad crew has been busy at late getting the new signals along here ready for operation.

Earl Leathers is building a corn crib with concrete floor and wire sides.

William Bitner got hungry for sausage and buckwheat cakes, so he killed one of his porkers last Saturday.

Mrs. Bryan and children, of Curtin, spent Sunday at the T. G. Leathers home.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Leathers spent Sunday with the former's father on the farm.

Aunt Sarah Leathers is again among the sick at present.

John Thomas took a car ride to Milesburg and back on Sunday morning.

The Disciple preacher from Mill Hall came up to Mt. Eagle last Sunday morning to conduct the services in the church here.

Miss Ethel Bitner visited with Milesburg friends between trains on Sunday evening.

William Yeager, of Curtin, greeted friends as he passed through town on his bicycle last Sunday.

Clair Gates, of Bellefonte, was here last Sunday to see his mother and also his two brothers, who have been ill with fever but who are getting along nicely now.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. Sanford Miller and little daughter, of Altoona, were pleasant guests at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Price, over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Givler and children and two Vaucoyoc girls, all from Tyrone, spent the day Sunday at Mr. Adam Cowher's.

Mrs. Gray Bebers and children, of Pitcairn, visited last week with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Oaman.

Miss Beatrice Patton, of Tyrone, Sunday at her parental home.

A sister of Mrs. A. L. Maguire sent last week here, and Mrs. Maguire returned with her to Altoona Saturday to spend a few days.

The M. E. people realized quite a nice sum from their chicken and waffle supper Saturday night. They are working hard to secure funds to begin the new church in the spring.

Misses Minnie and Mayme Laird shopped in Altoona Saturday.

Many hunters are seen in our little village these days and game is reported as being quite plentiful.

Misses Helen and Clare Thompson and Miss Myrtle Reese spent Saturday in Tyrone.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Williams, Prof. Rothrock and Miss Leora Harshberger motored to Boalsburg and took supper at Prof. Rothrock's hospitable home, attending the Masquerade Ball held in Boal's hall later in the evening.

Monday morning Daley Lytle and mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle, left for Monroe, Mich. where they will visit with the elder son, Grover, for some time.

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Cook have returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Flemington.

Miss Jessie Shope is home, suffering with an attack of acute indigestion.

It is rumored that one of the limbs of Dewey Wills, son of Wm. Wills who recently moved to Tyrone, must be amputated, the result of a bruise caused by running into the baggage track at the railroad station while playing.

James Cowher and little son are both on the sick list, but much improved at this writing.

On Wednesday evening last week two parties were held, one a party of young people at A. S. Price's, and the other a surprise at the home of A. L. Maguire, in honor of Mrs. Maguire. Both were very much enjoyed by all present.

This week O. C. Jones shipped their goods and left for their new home in Altoona. They will be very much missed in our community, as is evidenced by the many appreciations of kindness shown them during the last few weeks of their stay.

Thos. Patton spent Sunday with his family here.

An aunt and cousin of Mrs. Dr. Thompson made a short visit with her last week.

Mrs. Allison McKinney, of Altoona, is spending some time with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Arlie Woodring, of Tyrone, spent a day this week at his grandfather's, Winfield Robison's.

Misses Jean Cronister and Lydia Eberts, of Martha, were Sunday callers at Mr. Benner Turner's.

The Marks property, recently purchased by Mrs. John P. Williams, is being remodeled and the family will move into it in the near future.

Miss Nannie Turner shopped in Altoona last week.

Mrs. Charles Crain left one day this week for an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Melcher in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger and son Samuel spent a day in Tyrone recently.

Grave hopes are entertained for the recovery of Mrs. Thos. Bennett, who has been quite ill for some time.

Preaching services in the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10.30. Other services as usual.

Huntingdon Probably Dry.

Huntingdon County will be dry if complete returns from Tuesday's election bear out the figures from two-thirds of the districts. E. M. Beers and W. B. McCarthy, publicly announced as opposed to license, are far ahead of Dunkle and Couch for Associate Judges. For Sheriff, Wilson, Republican, is slightly in the lead.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitute. Adv. 4t.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that the habit has been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Fish, Chicken and Veal.

Raw pullet, raw veal and raw fish make the graveyard fat. This is hundreds of years old. A New York caterer (perhaps the most efficient in the city) said to me: "There are three important articles of food that must under no circumstances be served underdone. They are fish, chicken and veal. By chicken I mean all poultry of a domestic nature. All game birds should be rare. You want to be a little careful about lamb too. Give it plenty of cooking."—New York Press.

Mapmaking.

The earliest maps of which we have any knowledge were made in Egypt. They were wooden tablets, on which were traced land and sea, roads, rivers, highways, etc. Marinus of Tyre, 150 A. D., was the first to attempt a map on scientific principles. The maps in use by the Greeks and Romans were fairly accurate, so far as they went, but those in use during the middle ages were alarmingly inaccurate. It is only within recent years, say since the middle of the last century, that it was possible to make a complete and reliable map of the world, and even yet the best map is subject to slight changes.—New York American.

Price of His Treason.

Benedict Arnold died in London June 14, 1801. His life after his treason was a most unhappy one. He was avoided by men of honor and on many occasions deliberately insulted. He received a considerable sum of money from the British government and made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in business in British America and the West Indies and finally returned to London, where he died in obscurity. His second son, born in 1780, entered the British army in 1798, served with credit in many parts of the world and three years before his death in 1854 was made a lieutenant general.

Up Two Stumps.

Little Johnny was in the habit of wanting more victuals put upon his plate than he could eat. His papa decided to break him of the habit. One day as Johnny insisted upon being served until his plate was well filled his papa said, "Johnny, if I give you this you will have to eat every bit of it or I will punish you." Johnny promised that he would, and bravely did the little fellow try to do so, but in vain. It was too much for him. He would try again and again and then look sorrowfully at his papa. Finally, laying down his fork, he said: "Papa, if you was me which would you rather do, get a licking or bust?"

Lacked Something.

"You Germans have no sense of humor," said an American to a German friend.

"Try me and see," said the German. "Well," said the American, "you know America is the home of very large things—the highest mountains, the greatest waterfalls."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," said the German. "And our trees," continued the American, "are so tall that in order to see to the top of them one man looks as far up as he can, and another man begins where the first man leaves off and looks up to the top."

"But dat vass no joke; dat vass a lie."

A Madman's Strange Belief.

An unfortunate maniac was confined in one of the Scottish lunatic asylums, his particular infirmity being an unshakable belief that every day was Christmas day and that he was dining sumptuously on turkey or roast beef and a good slice of plum pudding. His real diet, however, was of the plainest, he being served twice daily with a dish of oatmeal porridge. After daily describing to his attendants the pleasures he had tasted in his cut of turkey or what not he was regularly added, "Yet, somehow or other, everything that I eat tastes of porridge." This story it was which gave rise to the saying, "As palatable as the madman's porridge."

A Difficult Assignment.

Not long ago a cub reporter on one of the Chicago dailies was assigned by the city editor to cover a meeting of the board of trustees of a public library. "Bring a story of about four hundred words," said the editor.

At a late hour that night, this story not being forthcoming, the youngster was sent for.

"How about that story of the board meeting?" asked the editor.

"It isn't finished yet. You told me to make 400 words of it. So far I have managed to get only 300."

"What did the board do?"

"They met, called the roll and adjourned until Tuesday evening."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE REAL WORKER.

The man or woman who does work worth doing is the man or woman who lives, breathes and sleeps that work; with whom it is ever present in his or her soul; whose ambition is to do it well and feel rewarded by the thought of having done it well. That man, that woman, puts the whole country under an obligation.—John Ruskin.

YOU ARE JUDGED

by the paper you use more often than by the thoughts you express in writing.

Buy good writing paper. "Symphony Lawn" "Cascade Linen," "Rexall Store Cabinet" are papers that will give you satisfaction.

We have a fine line of Initial Stationery at a low price—When in need of Paper Tablets, Pencils, Ink and Pens it will pay you to give us a call—This stationery is sold only at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The *Rexall* Store

An Ordinance.

Granting the Moshannon Electric Company, its successors, lessees and assigns, the right to construct, operate and maintain poles, wires, cables and fixtures, together with the necessary supports upon, over, along and under the streets, highways, footwalks, lanes and alleys of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

SECTION 1. That the privilege be and is hereby granted to the Moshannon Electric Company, its successors, lessees and assigns, to construct, operate and maintain the necessary poles, wires, cables, conduits and fixtures, together with such necessary supports upon, over, along and under the streets, highways, footwalks, lanes and alleys of said Borough as may be necessary for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining its lines of business, manufacturing establishments, offices and houses of subscribers within the Borough limits adjacent thereto, subject to the conditions and regulations hereinafter contained.

SECTION 2. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall replace the streets, highways, footwalks, lanes and alleys of said Borough upon which it may place any of its poles, conduits, lines or fixtures as aforesaid, in as good condition as they were before said poles and fixtures were erected thereon, and shall be liable for all damages caused by the location and erection of said poles and conduits and for the expenses incident to the construction and maintenance thereof.

SECTION 3. That all poles erected under the provisions of this Ordinance shall be reasonably straight, painted and kept painted, and that no cross arms for the suspension of wires shall be erected at a less distance than twenty feet from the grade of the street, unless by permission of said Council.

SECTION 4. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall pay a pole tax of twenty (20) cents per pole per year to the Borough of Bellefonte subject to such regulations as the Council of the Borough of Bellefonte may hereafter provide and the said Borough shall have the privilege free of charge to erect wires for fire and police purposes on the poles of the said Moshannon Electric Company.

SECTION 5. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall be liable for all damages caused by the erection, operation and maintaining of its plant in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

SECTION 6. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall be governed by all laws and legal ordinances of a general nature now in force or that may hereafter be enacted.

SECTION 7. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall, within thirty days after the passage and approval of this Ordinance, cause the Secretary of Council to certify of acceptance of all the terms, conditions and provisions of this Ordinance, and that the said Company shall pay the expenses incident to the passage recording and publication thereof.

SECTION 8. That any ordinance or part of ordinance conflicting with the provisions of this Ordinance be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same conflicts with this Ordinance.

Ordinance, and enacted into a law this 20th day of October A. D. 1913.

W. T. KELLY, HARRY KELLER, Secretary of Council, President of Council, Approved this 20th day of October A. D. 1913.

JNO. J. BOWER, Burgess, Bellefonte, Pa. Oct. 20, 1913.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an Ordinance passed by the Council of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, and approved by the Burgess of the said Borough, on the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, granting the Moshannon Electric Company certain rights and privileges in the said Borough.

W. T. KELLY, Secretary of Council.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 13th day of October 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the

FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER,

being the first day of December, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be and there be in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the first, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 20th day of October in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. October 20th, 1913.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry H. Fredericks, late of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County to make distribution of the balance shown to be in the hands of H. C. Rothrock, Accountant and Executor of &c. of said deceased, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, Nov. 2, 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the law office of Temple Court, Bellefonte, Penn., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever barred from coming in upon said fund.

10-10-13. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

A Wise Precaution.

The new Pennsylvania Public Service Commission is taking steps to protect municipalities from entering into long-term contracts with public service corporations. The idea is to safeguard a municipality from paying an exorbitant price where conditions in years to come may make possible cheaper rates for lighting, heating, etc. Where contracts now are made between electric light and gas companies and a municipality, whereby such company is to furnish its product for a fixed number of years at a specified rate, the Public Service Commission in approving the contract stipulates that if complaints are made during the life of said contract showing, because of changed conditions cheaper rates are possible, the commission is to have full power to regulate the matter.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOUND—A bunch of keys in leather case. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, MOWRY'S CAFE, Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon. E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION!—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing and book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 24 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv. 4t.

Pink Pearls For Polly

Or, What Became of Her
Birthday Gift

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"It is to be my birthday present," bubbled Polly Newton as she paused with young Dr. Mills before the jeweler's window. "Father allowed me to select what I wanted, and I chose the pearls. Aren't they lovely?"

Frank Mills looked long and earnestly at the string of delicate pink pearls, perfectly matched, lying on a bed of white velvet. He was not a judge of gems, but it happened that these particular pearls were famous, and he had heard their value discussed at his club, where it was said they were worth \$10,000.

To a physician whose heart was wrenched with the bitter needs of the suffering poor in a great city it was a sinful price to pay for jewels.

"I shall wear them at my birthday party," went on Polly as they turned away from the window. "You are coming, Dr. Frank?"

"With pleasure, unless something happens. I may have a call. You know, Miss Newton, that my evenings are at the disposal of my poor people. Somebody has to look out for them."

"Oh, yes," said Polly, vaguely conscious that a filmy gray veil had dropped over the rosy happiness of the moment. "I suppose Dr. Rudd takes care of them occasionally."

"Dr. Rudd is very busy just now."



"PLEASE GIVE THOSE TO YOUR POOR PEOPLE."

and I try not to call on him to help me out with these evening cases."

"Ah, but you are busy, too," she cried impulsively. "Father says you are the hardest worked man in New York, and yet you sacrifice your precious evenings to them."

"It is not such a sacrifice as you think. They need my help." He smiled down at her.

"I suppose they do," murmured Polly in a troubled tone.

When Dr. Mills left her at the door of the great house where she lived Polly had a sudden presentiment that something would happen to keep Dr. Frank away from her birthday party. Some dark eyed foreign born baby would be attacked by croup, and away Dr. Frank would go and forget all about her! She could not down the fear that clutched at her heart, the terror that perhaps he did not care for her at all and that never could she avenge him from his allegiance to his poor people.

Of course Polly was in love with Dr. Frank, and she would never have cared a jot whether he came to her party or not, and she had surmised in a vague, delicious way that the earnest young physician had lost his heart to her.

There had been nothing said, no question asked or answered, no promise given, but there was a sweet, uncertain understanding between them. Benjamin Newton liked the young doctor and, poor though he was, would have sanctioned the match.

Yet the specter of the poor people came between them, and Polly felt instinctively that Dr. Frank would always be loyal to his patients in the profession he had chosen, and pretty, spoiled Polly hated to think that she would not be omnipotent in her husband's esteem.

Two days later came Polly's birthday and with it the wonderful string of pink pearls. During the day there arrived many other gifts, among them a huge box of flowers from Dr. Mills. These Polly placed in a tall cut glass vase in her own room.

"I do hope he will come," fluttered Polly's heart as she dressed for the occasion.

But Dr. Frank did not come. All through the gay evening Polly watched the door for a glimpse of his fine head and broad shoulders above the crowd

of dancers, but hours passed, and still he did not come. Somebody murmured of a great fire down on the east side, and Polly guessed at once that her doctor was down there.

The thought did not bring any warmth of feeling just then. She felt angry with him and jealous of his poor people, who always stood between them.

Polly's bright spirits flagged. She was looking lovely in her simple white satin gown, with the string of pink pearls about her throat and one of Frank's pink roses tucked in her dark hair.

Other suitors might whisper how charming she appeared; other girls might regard her with envy; even her parents might tell her that never had she looked so nice. Polly yearned for the quick light of appreciation in Dr. Frank's eyes.

When the guests had all departed and Polly had kissed her father and mother and assured them that she had had the loveliest time of her life she was left alone in the great drawing room.

On every side gold framed mirrors repeated the reflection of her charming person until she appeared to be the center of a bevy of lovely girls gowned in white satin and wearing pink pearls.

"But he didn't come," whispered Polly to herself with quivering lips. "He didn't care enough. He would rather go to his poor people. I don't believe he cares for pink pearls or any other kind of jewels. He seems to like just people. I suppose he would like me just as well if I wore pink glass beads."

It was a very thoughtful Polly that lay awake with wide eyes the next morning. She wondered what was the need of these poor people that they had such a hold upon Frank Mills.

They were confessedly poor, but her father could help them. He gave thousands to help the poor. Just then there came half forgotten words to Polly's recollection:

"I was sick and in prison, and ye comforted me not."

Polly sat up in bed.

"It is the personal touch that helps almost as much as the money. If we don't visit them how can we know their needs? Dr. Frank knows their sufferings, and it is breaking his heart because he cannot help them. He does the best he can. But what am I doing?"

With this question Polly Newton hopped out of bed and dressed in a whirl of enthusiasm.

After breakfast she found her father alone in his study.

"Father, dear, I just love the pink pearls, and I know I chose them for my birthday, but do you care if I sell them and do something else with the money?"

Mr. Newton looked at her blushing downcast face, on which was his first troubled expression, and his indulgent heart took fire at once.

"What is it, Polly, girl? Keep your pearls and let me write a check for whatever you want." He dipped a pen in the ink.

Polly's fingers covered his. "No, father, it's something I want to do with the pink pearls. I want to sacrifice them for something. You don't care?"

"Not in the least, darling. I only want you to be happy."

"I am so grateful, father, dear," and Polly kissed him soberly and went away.

That afternoon found her at Dr. Mills' shabby office. He came radiantly to meet her, looking tired about the eyes and drawn about the mouth, but glad—glad to see her.

Polly sat down in a worn old chair and looked contentedly around at the book lined walls and the desk littered with papers, index files, boxes and bottles.

"It smells awfully druggy," she wrinkled her pretty nose at him; then, as if suddenly recollecting her errand, Polly drew out a leather case and laid it on the cluttered desk.

"Please give those to your poor people," she said gravely.

"Miss Newton—Polly—I can't! It is sweet of you, but they are yours and—"

Polly's hand went out in an appealing gesture.

"Ah, please, please, Dr. Frank! I never knew before, and I've been thinking a lot about it. Won't you show me how to feel just as you do toward them? I am missing something out of life, something more than pearls."

A glad light came into the doctor's eyes. His first impulse was to give the jewels back to her, for he knew their great value, and he knew that they gave Polly happiness, and he loved her. His second impulse was to drop the case into the inner pocket of his coat.

"I cannot thank you for this generous gift, Polly," he said gravely, "but will it make you happy to know that the pearls will help to build a vacation home for little children and their mothers? Do you realize that your gift will save hundreds of lives and make others happy and influence still others for lasting good?"

"Do you know that hundreds of mothers and sickly children, who have never seen the real country, never tasted the joys of country life and freedom from the sickening city streets, will be happy and bless you for your gift?" His voice broke suddenly.

Polly was crying softly. "I want you to tell me all about it," she quavered presently.

"I will," said Dr. Frank. And he did. But first he told her an old, old story, and he added that the pink pearls had been a barrier between them.

"Now I am on the other side of the barrier with you and your poor people," murmured Polly contentedly.

"Our poor people, dear," he corrected,

In the Enemy's Uniform

A Story of Secret Service
and Hairbreadth
Escapes

By THOMAS R. DEAN

When I was serving with my regiment, the 4th Pennsylvania cavalry, in the Army of the Potomac a portion of my company was detailed to serve as General Gregory's escort, and I was placed in command. We were separated from the regiment, making our camps with the headquarters camps, and were under the general's direct command. We furnished him with orderlies and messengers, performed any scouting or other service he required and while campaigning acted as his bodyguard.

One day I was directed to report in person to the general in his tent. He told me that a company of Confederates had ridden right into our lines, thinking we were their friends, and had been captured. He was in need of information as to where the enemy were, what force they had and what they were doing. The country people—his only source of information—were in sympathy with the Confederates and utterly unreliable. He had conceived the idea of sending out a scouting party right into the enemy's camp, if necessary dressed in the uniform of the captured Confederates, to bring him the information he desired and had sent for me to consult about the matter.

Generals don't usually consult with the lieutenants commanding their bodyguard, but a commander cannot order a subordinate on secret service. For that purpose volunteers are called for. General Gregory asked me if I would be willing to act on his plan, and although I knew that a Yankee soldier caught within the enemy's lines in his uniform would be hanged for a spy, I consented to perform the service. He sent me back to the escort to call for a dozen volunteers, which I had no difficulty in obtaining. Then I returned to him for instructions.

After an hour's talk with the general over crude maps of the vicinity furnished by Union citizens, during which I was informed that the men whose uniforms we were to use belonged to the 4th North Carolina cavalry, I went back to camp, and the uniforms and side arms were sent there by the general's order. I chose the uniform of a sergeant rather than an officer, since the former is not so prominent as the latter and less likely to be identified. My men all dressed as privates, using army marked "C S A." and horses branded with the same letters.

A Union citizen guided us to a wooded hill, from which we could look down on the camp of a brigade of Confederates. It was after taps, and the tents of the enlisted men were in darkness within, though they were bathed in the light of a moon that was nearly full. Here and there a candle was burning in an officer's tent, and a cluster of tents standing by themselves, evidently constituted the headquarters of the commanding officer and his staff. I remained awake till all the lights had been put out, then lay down with my head on the root of a tree for a few hours' sleep.

Shortly before sunrise we descended from the hill and rode leisurely along the road to the camp. I waited till I had seen the guard relieved and the new sentinels were quietly walking their beats. Approaching the man whose beat lay across the road, he challenged us.

"Who comes there?" "Dispatch bearers on our way southward," was my reply.

Seeing we wore the gray, he passed us, and we rode through the camp, attracting no special attention.

I believed the brigade we had passed through to contain about 3,000 men, with a battery of artillery and a battalion of cavalry. They were evidently a detached force, stationed on the road between the hills to prevent the passage of an enemy. I charged every man of my command to remember this, for no one could tell which of us would get back with the information.

About a mile south of the brigade the road turned to the eastward and the country opened up. The level ground was covered with different camps of the enemy, but we were not obliged to ride through any of them and gave them all a wide berth. Whenever we saw a man or body of men coming, if we could turn out of their way without seeming to do so purposely to avoid them we debouched. But most of those we met did not know us and had no reason to inquire who we were.

I saw a cloud of dust ahead and when I couldn't get a glimpse of what was beneath it made up my mind that it was kicked up by a general and his staff. I looked about for a wood or some other place in which to avoid a meeting, but there was nothing at hand. I could not turn aside without letting down the rails of a fence which extended on either side, so I was obliged to go forward and run the risk of being questioned.

Sure enough, those we met were a general with his staff. He reined in and asked who we were. I told him that we were of the 4th North Carolina cavalry. Then he asked what we

were doing away from our regiment, and I told him the contrary to which we belonged had been captured, but we, having been detached on a reconnoitering expedition, had fortunately not been taken.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"We are going on a roundabout course to rejoin our regiment."

I watched the general, holding my breath in terror lest he pursue his inquiries to a point beyond my knowledge. He thought awhile, then asked me to what corps I belonged. I knew the names of several of the generals in the Union front and named one of them. Then my questioner asked me to name my division and brigade commander, and I "couldn't remember."

"You men are stragglers," he said in reply, "and likely bent on pillaging or some other reprehensible conduct. I consider it my duty to send you back to your command."

Our hearts sank within us. When returned to the regiment to which we claimed to belong we would be proved impostors and our real identity would come out. The officer had but a dozen men in his escort, but needed no large force to send with us, for any resistance would be unavailing, and mutiny is punishable with death. He detailed a corporal and four men to see that we returned to our command and rode on.

Had we not been in the enemy's lines with a halter hanging over us the situation would have been laughable. Five unsuspecting Confederates were entrusted with guarding a dozen daring men who would rather die by a bullet than a rope. I said nothing to my men nor they to me. We rode meekly between the corporal and two of his men in front of us and two bringing up the rear. But by a look I signified to my subordinates to remain submissive till I should assume the initiative.

It behooved me to make a break for life before being returned to our supposed command. I kept my eyes open and presently saw a large field of tents a short distance ahead. On leaving our guards we must go through a cornfield to a wood on the other side of the field. I did not long delay action, for I saw a troop of cavalry coming on the road before us.

"Corporal," I said, "we're bearing important dispatches from the commander in chief and don't propose to be interrupted. We're going to leave you, and you may as well let us go, for if you fire on us we shall return your fire."

With that I put spurs to my horse, calling on my men to follow me. The corporal and his men were so surprised that they stood paralyzed till we had got several hundred feet away, then gave chase, firing over our heads as they came. As bad luck would have it, the horse of Bob Robbins, one of my men, stumbled and fell, shooting his rider over his head. I turned and rode back to him, but too late. The troopers were on him, and my other men had got so far away that if I attempted to save Robbins I would be captured myself. So I fled.

As for the five Confederates, we saw nothing more of them. We had seen all of the enemy we cared to see and were eager to get back to camp. But every way we turned we encountered the enemy, and since we were now outlawed, we dare not meet them. We hid in a thick wood during the afternoon, hoping to make our way to our own lines under cover of the night. We lighted a bivouac fire and lay down. So long as we could pass for Confederates we were in no danger, but our narrow escape from detection had got on our nerves. None of us slept since we expected to move at dawn.

About midnight we heard a movement in the underbrush, and suddenly out of the darkness came Robbins. He had been taken to the provost marshal and questioned till he was so wound up that he broke down and confessed himself to be a Yankee soldier. He was sent under guard after dark to general headquarters and on the way broke from those in charge of him. In the darkness he had gained the wood we were in and came upon us accidentally.

His coming brought a new danger, for he had confessed himself a spy and would incriminate us. However, as soon as it was dawn we mounted our horses, one of the men taking Robbins up behind him, and started to make our way back to our lines. We were not far from them, but were obliged to go a very roundabout way. During our travels we suddenly descried a body of Confederate cavalry about our own strength riding toward us.

Again the halter tightened about our necks, and we prepared to fight desperately for our lives. The commander, a young second lieutenant, rode up to us, and I saw at once that he had not met us before.

"A spy has escaped, and we are looking for him. Have you seen any thing of him?"

I was about to reply in the negative when I noticed him looking steadily at Robbins. I changed my tactics.

"Seen him?" I exclaimed. "We've got him."

"Good."

"We're taking him to our general."

"I'll relieve you and take him to mine."

"No, you won't. We made the capture and propose to get the credit of it. Forward!"

We rode on, leaving the young officer gazing at us. Presently, turning, I saw him riding in another direction.

We got safely back to camp and gave the general the result of our reconnaissance.

"Your Confederate uniform," he said, "was an element of strength and at the same time an element of weakness."

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will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.
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Bellefonte Trust Company.

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A Daring Escape.

General de Negrier was one of the French officers who succeeded in escaping from German custody in 1870. He was in Metz—and in hospital—at the time of the capitulation. But instead of constituting himself a prisoner he put on his uniform, mounted his horse and rode off as an independent gentleman. Before long he was stopped by a sentinel who demanded his papers, and, as he had no papers, he handed up his ticket of admission to the hospital. While the German was slowly spelling it out Negrier shot him through the head and galloped off, crossing the Belgian frontier, and recrossing it, after a rest, to take part in the operations of Faidherbe's army of the north. It is not surprising that so resourceful a soldier got quick promotion and was successively the youngest colonel, the youngest general of brigade and the youngest general of division in the French army.—Westminster Gazette.

Correctly Classified.

A Washington man who was being shown through one of the ancestral homes in the Shenandoah valley by an aged colored servant stopped before a portrait.

"What a fine painting!" he exclaimed. "Why, that must be an old master!"

"Excuse me, boss," said the retainer, "but you're mistaken. Dat's de picture of ole Missus Taylor."—Lippincott's.

"Old Nick."

Nickels and "Old Nick" are derived from the name of a Scandinavian demon, Níkr, who, according to an old legend, is supposed to haunt the mines in which the metal nickel is found and it was long believed that he gave the hardness to the metal.

Primitive Fishhooks.

What sort of hooks did our ancestors, our really remote ancestors, use "when a kid in wood the noble savage ran"? I am inclined to agree with the American view that the earliest type of hook, if hook it can be called, was a straight bit of flint buried in the bait. When the fish had swallowed the bit of meat, or whatever the bait was, the tightening of the line pulled the flint across its throat, and, as it stuck there, the fish could be hauled ashore without more ado. Perhaps some bright innovator of that misty past one day tried a bit of flint which had a double curve like a pair of buffalo-horns and found it effective, and perhaps out of that developed the genuine double hook, which seems to have been a very early form. And perhaps the single hook came into being because it was realized that one bend was as efficient as two for most purposes.—London Telegraph.

He Got It.

"I had a dream the other night," said the joker at a luncheon table recently. "I dreamed I was in business with a rich man, selling potted flowers. But business was bad, and we decided to discontinue business. I wanted the pots and flowers and took them." "What did the rich man want?" asked one of the guests innocently. "He wanted the earth," replied the wit.—Exchange.

Well Named.

"What do you call your dog?"

"Stock Market."

"What a peculiar name! Any particular reason?"

"I should say so. Most unreliable dog you ever saw. You can never tell what he's going to do next."—Life.

Here and There.

Miss Ethel Gettig was hostess at a Halloween party last Friday night.

The young men boarding at Mrs. Tanner's gave a Halloween stag party.

Ogden Malin was among the Bellefonte boys who came home on Tuesday to vote.

Miss Eleanor Weston was hostess at a Halloween party on Friday evening, last.

Mrs. George Miller had as her guest the last week Miss Sue Irwin, of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. H. S. Ray underwent a minor operation in the Bellefonte hospital on Monday.

Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick is away for a ten day's camping trip with the McCurdy-Hunter party.

Miss Harriet Ray will tonight entertain the Harmonic Club for the last time before her marriage.

Contractor K. B. Taylor came home from Washington County to cast his vote at Tuesday's election.

H. L. Garber will return the latter part of the week, having had an operation in Wheeling, W. Va.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz arrived in Bellefonte on Monday night remaining here over election day.

Lyman J. Howe and wife will motor over from Winburn to spend Pennsylvania Day at State College tomorrow.

A number of the young folks in town will go to State College tonight as guests at various Fraternity house parties.

Leo Toner went down to Philadelphia last week to witness the Penn State-University of Penna. football game.

Dr. Lee B. Woodcock, with his cousin, Byron, were in Bellefonte for a few days last week, being en route to Scranton.

Edward Keichline was an arrival home from Renovo this week, his mission being to register his vote in the South Ward.

John Rankin, Nevin Wetzel and Milan Walker are spending the week at Pat Gherrity's camp in the Seven mountains.

Mrs. M. D. Burnett is the guest of the Misses Blanchard for a fortnight, after which she will visit with her sister, Mrs. George F. Harris.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton returned home on Monday from Scranton, where she had been in attendance upon the conference of the State chapter, D. A. R.

Miss Marcie Curtin, of Philadelphia, who is well known in Bellefonte, is the guest of Mrs. Nora Shelden, having arrived on Monday.

Miss Rose Haupt, chief operator at the Bell Telephone Co. exchange, and Manager W. S. Mallalieu made a business trip to Millheim on Wednesday.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Harriet Ray, whose marriage to Mr. Harold Raymond will be solemnized next week.

Miss Mary Thomas will depart next Tuesday for Philadelphia to be gone two months. During her absence her home will be occupied by her sister, Mrs. James B. Lane.

Don Wallace, Hassell Montgomery and Lewis Schad were down to Philadelphia to take in the Penn State-University of Penna. football game, returning home on Tuesday.

Theodore Davis Boal has closed his home at Boalsburg and has gone to Washington for the winter. Mr. Boal's mother and Miss Cecile deLagarde sail for Europe in January.

Having recovered from the illness which necessitated her removal to the hospital, Mrs. Jane Boulton departed on Monday for her home in Franklin. She was accompanied by Mr. Landay.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, visited over Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, being accompanied by Mrs. Freeman's sister, Mrs. Carpenter, of Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Weatherly, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is visiting in Bellefonte as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mollie Valentine, having come to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. William T. Speer.

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt departed on Monday for Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Hymnal Committee of the Reformed church, now engaged in the preparation of a new church hymnal.

Owing to the fact that the Teachers' Institute will be held in Bellefonte next week, Doctor Angel, the eye specialist, has been compelled to change the dates of his visit to Bellefonte to November 19th and 20th.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held in the Reformed church on Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving Day, at 7.45 o'clock. The sermon will be delivered by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

George Glenn, a painstaking and efficient member of the postoffice force, announces that during leisure hours he will cane chairs and also do general repairing of furniture. He is a careful, experienced workman and assures patrons the very best of service. A postal card addressed to him will be all that will be necessary to have him call.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart returned home several days ago from Hagerstown, Md.

The Boston Opera Company will be at Garman's Opera House on Friday evening, November 14th.

Martha, the little daughter of William Shutt, died at the home of her father on Burrows Street early Monday morning from scarlet fever. The child had been ill only a few days.

The Bellefonte Academy football team defeated Bloomsburg Normal, at Bloomsburg, 14-0, last Saturday. The Academy put up a splendid game and outclassed Bloomsburg from start to finish.

May Crider, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burns H. Crider, became ill while at school last Friday and on Sunday the attending physician decided that she was suffering from a mild attack of scarlet fever. The home of her parents has been placed under quarantine.

Bellefonte High School was checked in its winning streak by losing to Jersey Shore High School football eleven, 13-7. The local boys have been making a fine record this season. Much of their success is due to the fact that consistent team work rather than individual playing has been the motto.

Mrs. Harry Keller had for her guest, Mrs. G. G. Pond, of State College, who was in town on Monday night for the meeting of the local chapter, D. A. R., held at the home of Mrs. D. H. Hastings. Delegates submitted reports of the recent conference of the State chapter, held at Scranton. The election of State officers was held in that city, resulting as follows: Miss Crowell, of Philadelphia, State Regent; Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, of Boundbrook, Vice State Regent; Mrs. Dreisbach, of Lewisburg, State Secretary. No changes were made among other officers. Miss Helen E. C. Overton, of Bellefonte, continues as State Regent until the next D. A. R. Congress in Washington, in April. The out-of-town members attending the meeting at the Hastings home included Mrs. Frank McFarland, of Boalsburg; Mrs. E. E. Sparks, Mrs. William Frear, Mrs. Shaldick, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Pond and Miss Lovejoy of State College; Mrs. James Thompson, of Port Matilda, and Miss Wilson, of Stormstown.

BIG GAME FRIDAY

Penn State and Notre Dame Eleventh Primed for Great Contest.

What will undoubtedly be the biggest and best football game of the season at State College will be played tomorrow afternoon, "Pennsylvania Day," by Penn State and Notre Dame. Some idea of the high class of Notre Dame may be gleaned from the fact that last Saturday the westerners cleaned up West Point, 35-13. It is calculated that Notre Dame and Penn State are about evenly matched, if anything Notre Dame being a trifle the better. Penn State will have the advantage of playing on its home field. It will mark Captain "Shorty" Miller's last big game with Penn State, and that sensational player may be looked to for probably his best game this season. Because of his phenomenal work for Penn State for several years, together with the fact that the Notre Dame game will afford him his last chance to score a notable victory on the home grounds, the Penn State students to a man are rooting for a victory tomorrow. The football game and the numerous other features of "Pennsylvania Day" will attract a large crowd of visitors from Bellefonte. A special schedule of trains for the occasion has been arranged by the Bellefonte Central Railroad, as follows: Leave Bellefonte, 6.30, 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. and 2 P. M. The 2 P. M. train will arrive at State College in time for the game. If necessary, the regular train due to leave State College at 5 P. M. will be held 15 minutes after the football game.

Last Saturday Penn State lost to the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, 17-0. The University did all its scoring in the first half, Penn State holding its own in the third quarter and playing the University off its feet in the last quarter. Penn State's chances for holding the University to a lower score were blighted in the first few minutes of play, Berryman, of Penn State, being ordered out of the game for alleged slugging Penn State's failure to make a better showing was due in the main to weakness at the ends, the same trouble that confronted the team in the Harvard and Washington & Jefferson games. For losing team Penn State put up a flash of sensational play in the last few minutes of the game that fairly startled the 15,000 spectators in the stands. By a series of forward passes, engineered by Captain Miller, Penn State carried the ball almost the entire length of the field and only failed to make a touchdown by a narrow margin. This is Penn State's first defeat by the University in the last four years. Twice Penn State scored victories, and three years ago the result was a tie.

Arthur G. Taylor Dead.

Arthur G. Taylor died on Sunday, last, at his late home at Milton. The body was brought to Bellefonte on Wednesday and interment made in the Catholic cemetery. Deceased was aged 49 years. His widow was Miss Scanlon, of near Axe Mann, before her marriage.

Harvey Tressler several days ago became involved in a dispute with Frank Campani. Subsequently the latter had young Tressler arrested on the charge of assault. Tressler will be given a hearing before Burgess Bower.

FOUR OLD DRUMMERS

Roberts Brothers Took Active Part in Civil War—All Still Living.

Death of Child.

Dr. William H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, has favored us with the following, which he modestly styles reminiscences gleaned while at the fiftieth anniversary at Gettysburg:

Our hearts were saddened by the sudden death of our secretary of the Regimental Association, 45th P. V. V., Allen D. Albert, of Washington, D. C. He had come to attend the meeting and once more greet the boys with a glad hand. This he was not permitted to do. He had just got comfortably fixed in a private suite where he intended to give his comrades a royal welcome when he was suddenly called to answer the last roll call, dying almost instantly and happily without a struggle.

The regimental reunion was held in the big tent on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, and when the death of Comrade Albert was announced it cast a gloom over the assembly and scarcely a dry cheek was seen. Tears coursed down the cheeks of the men who had known him so well and who admired him so much. He had not felt well before he left home, but so anxious was he to be present at the great reunion of the Blue and the Gray that he came to Gettysburg. His family have lost a kind husband and father, and the Association a true and beloved comrade. A braver and better soldier never carried a gun.

William A. Roberts, treasurer of the Association, belonged to a family of drummers. There were four brothers in the service, enlisting from Columbia. William A. was a member of Company K, 45th P. V., Colonel Thomas Welsh commanding. A meeting of two of the probably youngest drummer boys of the war occurred at the Gettysburg reunion. Ed Roberts, of Cincinnati, Ohio, enlisted from Columbia at the age of 14 years and served through the war as a drummer of Company F, 45th P. V. He afterward served out two enlistments in the 11th U. S. Infantry and was discharged for disability while serving his third enlistment. The other boy referred to was Daniel Williams, the drummer boy of Fredericksburg. He resides in Washington, D. C. He enlisted when but 11 years old in Company 1, 24th Regiment, N. J. Vols. He is a Past Commander of Lincoln G. A. R. Post, No. 3, of the Department of the Potomac. These two old boys gave several exhibitions of good old-fashioned army drumming and showed their comrades that they could still handle the sticks fifty years after the close of the war.

The Roberts family consisted of four sons, all, as stated, enlisting from Columbia. William, the eldest, enlisted with Company K, Captain Rambo's command, under Colonel Welsh. William is a printer by occupation, at one time foreman of the Lancaster "Daily Spy" office, now employed in the government printing office at Washington. As treasurer of the 45th Regimental Association he is a very capable and efficient officer. Since the death of Secretary Albert much of the work has fallen upon the shoulders of Comrade Roberts, with whom he was closely associated for so many years.

Samuel Roberts enlisted at the age of 17 years in the 52d Penna. Vols. and served throughout the war as drummer of Company A. He lives in Wilmington, Delaware. Albert enlisted at the age of 15 years, in September, 1861, in Company K, 45th P. V., and served as a drummer during the war. He resides in Bellefonte. In 1863 Edward Roberts, then 14 years old, enlisted in the 45th P. V., and served as a drummer in Company F to the end of the war. He resides in Cincinnati.

Four brave soldiers! Enlisting when but mere boys, they served through the war to a finish to perpetuate our glorious country. Happily all four are still living and enjoying fairly good health. Their record is a remarkable one, indeed, for any family. That they may live to enjoy many more years of comfort and happiness is the tribute of an humble friend and admirer. It might be added that two brothers-in-laws of the four Roberts boys also served during the entire engagement between the Blue and Gray.

To Play at Tyrone.

After a lapse of six years, the Bellefonte Academy and Kiskiminetas football eleven will meet on Saturday afternoon, next, at Tyrone. "Kiski" is the recognized champion team of western Pennsylvania school teams. Six years ago "Kiski" and the Academy played at State College, the result being 0-0. Repeatedly since that game the Academy has tried for another match, but without success. Recently "Kiski" challenged the Academy for a game, having no doubt observed that the Academy was not up to the standard of the last few seasons. The Academy accepted and wanted the game played in Bellefonte, but "Kiski" rejected this and finally Tyrone was selected. The Penna. Railroad band, of Tyrone, will play for the game, which will be called at 2.30. Persons going to Tyrone on the early afternoon train will arrive in time for the game.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

COUNCIL IN SESSION

Monday Night's Meeting Devoted Mainly to Routine Matters.

Monday night's meeting of borough Council was devoted mainly to disposing matters of a routine character. It was reported that Burgess Bower had formally approved the contract for the sale of the Green mill property to the Moshannon Electric Co., also that the company had advised Council of its acceptance of the provisions of the franchise ordinance adopted two weeks ago. Petitions by citizens for two new street lamps, one on North Allegheny Street, between Linn and Curtin, and the other on Spring, between Bishop and High, were referred to the Street Committee. They will likely be held in abeyance until the Moshannon Electric Co. takes over the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Co. and submits plans for a general re-arrangement of the street lighting system. This re-arrangement, it is understood, will mark the passing of the arc lamp system and the installation of mazda lamps. The Bellefonte Electric Co. proposed a somewhat similar re-arrangement of the street lights when about one year ago it submitted to Council a proposition providing for taking over the Green mill and in turn receiving a franchise and a long-term street lighting contract. The papers for executing the transfer of the Green mill property to the Moshannon Electric Co. are about ready.

Headmaster J. R. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, through Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff, urged upon Council the need of a crossing over Bishop Street, at the West side of Spring Street. Councilman Beezer supported the request, explaining that the need of a crossing at that place had been apparent for years. President Keller referred the matter to Street Committee.

Councilman Cherry reported that complaint had been filed against the alleged practice of livery stables dumping refuse into Spring creek.

Council authorized the drawing of a note for \$5,000, for six months, at 5% to take care of a note for like amount and maturing November 5th.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Laun C. Smith	DuBois.
Bess L. Bryan	Milesburg.
David H. Colver	Scotia.
Elsie L. Markley	"
Stephen Chismar	Clarence.
Annie Luther	"
Daniel G. Mothersbaugh	Boalsburg.
Mabel G. Koch	"
Harry L. Wilson	Lock Haven.
Laura M. Sheasley	Aaronsburg.
Philip C. DeHass	Monument.
Reba Miller	Flemington.
H. D. Wilson	Glenn Union.
Ida Lannon	Queens Run.

BE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT OVERCOAT

When the time comes for you to buy an overcoat, just remember one thing.



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Keeping you warm in the cold weather is the least important part of the service an overcoat gives a man. Almost any good outer garment will keep you warm; a good blanket would do it. But when you are outdoors your overcoat is what makes your impression.

The Sim overcoats have the style, the swagger, artistic air of distinction that every man is glad to present. You'll see no overcoat style such as we are showing. No assortment of different cuts and fabrics--and all moderately priced--As pleased to show you--if only looking--as buying.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE,

STATE COLLEGE

Now For Fall Clothes

It's time to be looking over Fall Clothes--and here they are! One of the most extensive offerings we've ever shown.



McKay-Thomas-Quill

Every suit--every overcoat--a gem in its own way. Each perfectly tailored of rarely beautiful fabrics.

OUR HAND TAILORED CLOTHES

To those who know this shop, our name and all it guarantees will be perfectly familiar.

But to those who do not yet know the wonderful values offered in these remarkable garments, we want a chance to say a word or two.

Drop in for a moment--today.

We simply want your opinion of these suits and overcoats and their prices. The latest things in roll collared sweaters and mackinaw coats.

Montgomery & Co.